THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS

"THE purpose of the public elementary school is to form and strengthen the character, and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it. With this purpose in view, it will be the aim of the school to train the children carefully in habits of observation and clear reasoning, to arouse in them a living interest in the ideals and achievements of mankind . . . and to develop in them such a taste for good reading and thoughtful study as will enable them to increase that knowledge in after years by their own efforts. . . . And though their opportunities are but brief, the teachers can yet do much to lay the foundations of conduct. They can endeavour, by example and influence, aided by the sense of discipline which should pervade the school, to implant in the children habits of industry, self-control, and courageous perseverance in the face of difficulties; they can teach them to reverence what is noble, to be ready for self-sacrifice, and to strive their utmost after purity and truth; they can foster a strong respect for duty, and that consideration and respect for others which must be the foundation of unselfishness and the true basis of all good manners; while the corporate life of the school, especially in the playground, should develop that instinct for fairness and for loyalty to one another which is the germ of a wider sense of honour in later life. In all these endeavours the school should enlist, as far as possible, the interest and co-operation of the parents and the home in a united effort to enable the children not merely to reach their full development as individuals, but also to become upright and useful members of the community in which they live, and worthy sons and daughters of the country to which they belong." —*Introduction to Education Code*, 1904.

THE

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS

BY

F. J. GOULD

(*First Series: "Self-Control" and "Truthfulness"*)

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PREFACE

THE highest end of home and school education is to mould the child's character as a moral being; and to attain this end we must discipline the child's natural good feeling by systematic lessons in the interpretation of personal and civic conduct. The lessons in this book are rather "lessons" in the teacher's or parent's sense, but to the children themselves (so the author hopes) the idea of "lesson" will yield to the dramatic interest of the stories and illustrations which form the vehicles of the moral instruction.

It would be a truly noble issue out of the present educational crisis if persons of all schools of thought could unite in the establishment of a sound and practical moral teaching detached from controversial doctrines.

The lessons are intended for children aged 10 to 14.

F. J. G.

January, 1905.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

FOUR KINDS OF PEOPLE

1. People who go the right way for fear of pain. 2. People who go the right way for fear of prison. 3. People who go the right way for fear of being seen. 4. The best kind of people.

I STOOD in the valley, and looked up at the broad side of the mountain. In some places I saw dark rocks, in other places I saw stretches of green grass. As the sky grew dark I heard the voice of a man calling, and before him hundreds of white things were running towards the valley. It was the shepherd and his sheep. Down the mountain path came the white sheep. Now and then one strayed away, but soon, with a sudden leap, it rejoined its companions. Thus towards the valley the flock passed. Was it the man who kept the sheep in the right way? No; it was the watchful dog—the brave collie. And were the sheep good creatures for going the right way to the shelter and fold in the valley? Good? They simply went right because they were afraid of the dog—not afraid of his bark, though they started at his rough yelp; but afraid of his teeth, his bite, and the PAIN they would feel if he bit them.

One night, when the moon was hidden behind the clouds, a man climbed a wall. He reached the top, and looked into the dark garden that surrounded the house. No lights twinkled at the windows. The man—the burglar—was just about to drop from the wall into the garden, when he heard the hoarse bark of a mastiff. Instantly he sprang back into the road and fled. He did not rob the house. It was right to leave the robbery undone, was it not? And would you call him a good man for going away? No? But, did he not go on the right road? Yes; but only because he was afraid of the dog, afraid of the PAIN.

A robber met an old man in a lonely thoroughfare. "I will take this old man's gold," said the robber to himself, clenching his stick tight, and striding forward. The next moment he altered his manner; he walked quietly on, and never laid a finger upon the old man. The robber had caught sight of a policeman. He thought to himself: "If I were caught striking this old man, I might be taken before the judge, and he might sentence me to be flogged with the knotted rope." And was this robber good to leave the old man unhurt? No. He only went the right road because he was afraid he might suffer PAIN.

A boy entered a room, and saw an orange on the table. He was about to take it and eat it, when he heard his father's footsteps. His father was a stern man, and would have beaten the child with a cane or birch if he had found him in the act of stealing. The boy never touched the orange. And was he good? No; he only did right because he feared PAIN.

This, then, is the *first* kind of people I have to speak about; and I do not think you will admire them. Let us now look at the second kind.

Some men were painting the woodwork of a house. While the work was being done the people of the house had retired to one or two of the smaller chambers. A painter entered a parlour, and noticed a fine gold watch lying on the mantel. It ticked, it glittered; he wished he could have it. He was all alone; he stretched out his hand—— But he did not touch the watch; he walked softly away, and took up his brush; he had heard someone coming. Why did he go the right way? Not because he was afraid of pain, but because he was afraid of being taken to PRISON. Here is a picture of the unhappy place—the bare walls; the plank bed; the grated windows; you see no pictures, no carpet, no curtains, no smiles. This is the place of tears and sorrowful sighing. The sunlight may shine in freely upon the prisoner; but he has no freedom to pass out. There are people who are half ready to do the wrong deed, but they check themselves, they turn away, they go the right road. And are they truly good? No. This *second* class of men and women only go the right way from fear of PRISON.

I will show you a strange picture, and you will wonder what it means. What is this? You see an *eye* looking straight towards you. Come, now, can you understand this puzzle? Remember that we are talking of different classes of people. Some do right for fear of PAIN; some from fear of PRISON; and this third class? Yes; I thought you would catch the idea: Some people do right because they are afraid of an *eye*; they are afraid of being seen.

A girl thinks she is alone in a room, and she has almost seized the orange that lies on the table, when she hears her aunt coming. Now, she is not frightened lest her aunt should beat her, nor lest she should be sent to gaol. She dreads letting her aunt see her doing such a mean and paltry thing. A boy is drawing a copy in the schoolroom. The teacher leaves the room; the boy plays mischievous tricks with ink and chalk, and with his neighbour's books; the moment he observes the teacher returning the boy flies to his desk, and the teacher finds him handling his pencil and drawing the sails of the ship which he has been told to copy. He does his task when the teacher's EYE is on him; and only then. You have met such children? You have seen them behaving nicely when the mother or the father was looking, but acting rudely when the parent's back was turned. Are there girls who do not sweep under the mat because they think no one's eye will see the dust that lies thick underneath? And boys who wash only their faces because they know their neighbour's eye will not see through their collars?

I have two more pictures to show you. First you see a man chopping a large log of wood. In the corner is an eye—the master's eye—gazing steadily at the workman. The other picture shows the same man; but the eye is gone; the master is not looking. The man is still chopping. This is an honest workman, indeed. I wonder if all workmen would do likewise when the master's eye was closed or withdrawn?

Well, I would like to tell you of another shepherd. He lived in Lydia (*Lid'-ya*), in Asia Minor. One day he was in the open country, when a terrible tempest broke over him, and the lightning all but blinded his eyes. The ground opened, and the trembling shepherd saw a kind of passage leading downwards. He overcame his fear,

and thought he would take shelter. Creeping down the underground passage, he presently (now do not believe this! it is only a myth, or fairy tale)—he presently arrived at a large house made of brass, and the door was of brass also. The shepherd pushed open the brazen door, and entered a chamber. Ha! it made him start when he beheld a great giant lying full length upon the floor. The giant was dead. Gyges (*gy'-jees*)—for that was the shepherd's name—went closer, and, perceiving a ring on the giant's finger, drew it off and placed it on his own, and turned and hastily left the brazen house. The ring had a collet or knob, in which precious stones were set. When Gyges returned to his sheep he found his fellow-shepherds talking about who should carry to the king the monthly report concerning the state of the flocks. As they talked Gyges happened to turn the ring round, the collet being under his finger.

"Where is Gyges?" said the shepherds.

They were looking at him, and yet did not see him! He turned the collet upwards.

"Why, Gyges," they exclaimed, "where have you been?"

He understood now that the ring had a magic power. It could make him *invisible*, so that no eye could see him. Ah! what would Gyges do now? Would he do right or wrong? Would he act justly or unjustly?

The shepherds chose Gyges to be the reporter, and he went his way to the palace of the king. When he had entered the building he turned the collet downwards. None could observe him. Oh, what would he do? Alas! he did a foul deed. He drew a dagger and slew the king. Afterwards he reached such power, by means of his magic ring, that he was crowned, and took the throne himself. And suppose all the people watched him while he wore the collet upwards; and suppose he did right actions while the eyes of the people were on him; was Gyges truly a just man? No, for when he was in secret, and unseen, he did evil deeds.

But the workman in my last picture was not of the class that Gyges belonged to. He was of a better class; we will call it the *fourth* class. He did the right thing because he felt in his own heart, his own mind, that he ought to do so.

A four-year child went out, and saw a tortoise—a slow, patient, crawling tortoise. Little Theodore picked up a stone, and was on the point of flinging it at the tortoise; but he stopped.

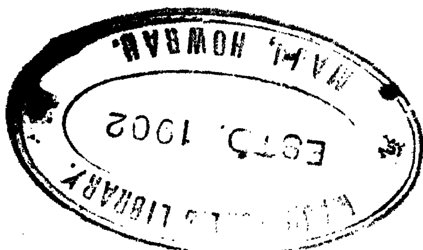
"Poor little crawling thing," little Theodore Parker said to himself, "I must not hurt it."

He dropped the stone, and went home.

"Mother," said the child, "I thought I must not hurt the tortoise. What made me drop the stone?"

"It was your *conscience*, dear," answered the mother.

The little child knows a right thing from a wrong thing. Men know; women know; the men and women of Europe know; the men and women of America, Africa, Asia, Australia, and the islands of the wide sea. If we are alone, shall we do right for fear of PAIN? For fear of PRISON? For fear of an EYE watching us? We will do it because we can see ourselves; because our own thought will tell us the just from the unjust. The *fourth* class—the best kind of people—go the right way because they are bidden to do so by THEIR OWN CONSCIENCE.



SELF-CONTROL, SELF-RESPECT, SELF-HELP

LESSON. I

SELF-CONTROL

Control of a horse: control of a bicycle, a business, an army, a ship. Self-control. Control of the body; useless self-control and useful self-control.

A SPLENDID horse was brought by a dealer to King Philip.

"A fine animal," said the king; "and what is its price?"

"Thirteen talents, sir," answered the dealer. Thirteen talents, in Greek money, was as much as £2,500.

"Let us take him to the open plain and try him," ordered the king.

But the horse would let no man mount him. He snorted, he pawed the ground, he reared; he turned fiercely on all the grooms.

"Take him away," bade the king. "He is too wild."

"What a horse they are losing!" said the king's young son Alexander, "and all through want of skill and spirit to manage him. What a pity!"

"My son," cried the king, "you find fault with people older than yourself, as if you knew more than they did, or could manage the horse better."

"And so I could," replied Alexander.

"If you should not be able to ride him, what sum will you pay as a punishment?"

"I will pay the price of the horse."

The bystanders laughed; but King Philip agreed, and Alexander ran to the horse. First he laid hold of the bridle and turned the creature's head towards the sun; for he had noticed that it had been startled by its own shadow. Speaking soft words, he stroked the horse's glossy skin; the noble steed, little by little, grew quieter. Then the youth leaped on its back.

Away!

The king and the people watched with an uneasy feeling as the youth flashed past them and was almost lost to view. But when the horse was seen returning with its young master seated safely, firmly, and proudly on its back, they all raised a loud cheer, except his father. His father wept for joy at his son's courage, and kissed him, and said:

"Go and find another kingdom, my son; for this kingdom of Macedonia is too small for you."

This youth was afterwards a conqueror who marched as far as Persia, India, and Egypt, and he earned the title of Alexander the Great.

Now what could Alexander do, and what did the grooms fail in doing? He tamed the horse; he conquered it; he managed it; he mastered it; he *controlled* it. He had CONTROL over it.

We may control many things besides horses. A boy races along the lane with his iron hoop, and he controls it with a stick or hook. A bicycle-rider guides his machine, and turns it to right or left, and makes it go faster or slower; and if it rushes at break-neck speed down a hill, we say he has lost control of his bicycle. If you go into the large warehouse where the merchant stores his cloth, you will see men folding cloth, men packing cloth, men selling cloth, men carrying cloth to waggons, men bringing cloth in from the factories, men writing, men carrying messages; and, in the midst of it all, you peep through a glass door and see the man who controls the business. You see the master; perhaps only a little old man wearing gold spectacles; but he it is who sets all these men to work and directs them, and watches them, and pays them. Here is a picture of a soldier standing in a meadow on the hillside. He has his hands behind him; his head is bent forward; he is watching a battle. This quiet-looking officer is the general. At a word from him ten thousand men will march forward; or the cannon will cease firing; or the whole army will move to the east or the west. His mind controls a multitude. In another picture you behold the steersman of a ship. He grasps the handles which stick out from the wheel; as he turns the wheel, the wheel turns a cable, which turns the rudder which turns the ship; and so the man at the wheel controls the great vessel in its course to the palm-trees of the West Indies, or the coral islands of the Pacific, or the icy seas where the whales play in their "schools."

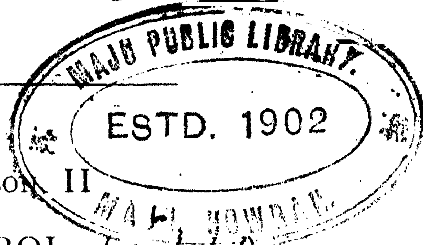
A wonderful thing this is, to be able to control and guide. But here is a poor man who has not this wonderful power. Look at him coming along the street. He staggers; he lurches against the people; he falls; he cannot rise without help. Alas! this is a drunkard. He has lost control of *himself*. He has no SELF-CONTROL. And which is the finer thing—to control a ship or to control one's self? Certainly, self-control is the finer.

Under a tree in India lies a filthy, aged, wrinkled man whom the passers-by regard with much respect. He holds up one arm; he holds it steady; and the day goes by, and still it is raised; day after day it is held up. He has kept it in that position for years; the arm is stiff and useless; it is like an arm of wood or stone. The man is a fakir (*fä-keer*), and the people give him money because they think him a noble character. But do you think so? No, indeed. The fakir can control his body in a very remarkable way; but the control is of no use to him or to anybody else in the world.

In olden times there were men called Pillar Saints. One of these was named Simeon of the Pillar. For thirty-seven years he lived on the top of a pillar; and there he ate and drank and slept; no one ordered him to do it; he had such strong mastery over himself; he made himself like a slave, and kept himself a prisoner on the pillar. This was self-control; but it was useless; it was foolish.

A traveller entered a building in China, and saw a crowd of people at a meeting. The place was very silent. Each man was holding his breath as long as he could! It made the traveller smile. But he found that the Chinese were doing this in order to teach themselves to be quiet and calm, so that they might be more attentive and obedient to the teachers of religion. And that was not a foolish reason. It reminds us of the soldier on guard at the castle gate. No war is going on; the land is at peace; yet the soldier keeps guard as if danger might threaten. He stands still at his sentry-box for an hour, and perhaps no one passes. But this exercise teaches and trains him; so that when danger comes he is master of himself; he is ready to obey orders; he can endure hard weather and weary waiting. Men can also show self-control while moving

as well as while standing still. Think of the Swiss guides who lead travellers up and down the snowy Alps. They can command their limbs so skilfully that the foot never slips on the ice or on the narrow ledge. In 1894 an old guide named Anderegg retired from work; he had met with no accident, though he had climbed the lofty mountains for forty years. This self-control was useful to himself; and it was useful to the tourists whom he guided; they could trust him amid the steep rocks and on the rough ice of the glaciers.



LESSON II

SELF-CONTROL—(concluded)

Control of the limbs and features. Control of the feelings. Control of the temper. The weak are noisy; the strong are calm.

SOMETIMES your teacher gives you an exercise in drill. You march, wheel, halt; you raise the right hand, the left; you swing the arms; you lunge out with this or that foot; you bend, you bow, you stand upright again. Why is all this? Your teacher wishes you to be quick, to be ready-witted, to have control of every part of your *body*. Do you not know there are some poor children who have not proper command of their own bodies? Some cannot sit still; some cannot point steadily; some cannot look with calm, fixed gaze; some cannot keep the mouth shut when they are not speaking or singing. If you have something the matter with your throat, you may find it difficult to keep the lips closed. But, except for such a reason, you should have the mouth shut. If two boys came to you, and you had to choose one for running errands and doing tasks for you; and if one was continually staring about with his mouth open, and the other had the lips closed firmly, which do you think would be the more likely to do your work promptly and smartly?

When Florrie sat by the open window one sunny afternoon, and a wasp flew in and settled on her sleeve, she felt she must scream and brush the insect away. But she remembered this might only make the wasp angry, and then it might sting her. Florrie waited quietly until the brown and golden stranger, finding nothing that he wanted on her sleeve, passed out again into the garden. Florrie had controlled her *feelings*, and perhaps saved herself from a sharp pain. A man who lived in the West Indies went out one night, and happened to thrust his hand into a hedge, where he felt the cold, smooth body of a snake gliding under his palm. He thought that, if he withdrew his hand suddenly, the startled reptile might dart at him and bite. He kept still until the snake had coiled itself away. You may be sure this was not the first time in his life that the man had thus mastered his feelings. He had taught himself the habit of SELF-CONTROL. And people who learn this habit will know what to do when they sit in a theatre, and hear the cry of "Fire!" They will not start up until they have looked round to see if the alarm is a true one; and, if there is really danger, they will leave the building as steadily and in as orderly a way as possible.

You have heard of Julius Cæsar. This famous Roman captain could lead armies across plains and mountains, and, in face of a hundred thousand fierce Gauls, he could keep his troops firm and fearless.

But he could also control himself; he was king of his own *temper*. When he was inclined to rush forward and do a hasty act, or strike a hasty blow, he would stay, like a man who reins back a horse; and he would pause awhile, as if he were counting twenty. Then his eyes saw more clearly, and his thoughts were wiser. That made Cæsar strong.

Long before Cæsar's time there lived a noble Greek named Lycurgus. He was ruler and law-maker in Sparta. So strict was he in his government that he told the Spartan folk just what furniture they should have in their houses, and what food they should eat. Many of the people murmured and complained against him. One day the discontent grew to a riot.

"Wicked man," grumbled a Spartan; "he makes us use iron money instead of gold or silver; he will not let us lay purple coverlets on our beds; he will not allow us to carve our doors and ceilings, and our tables are just cut with the saw and left rough and plain."

"Worse still," cried another, "we may not have the dinners that we like. Lycurgus bids us sit at the public tables, fifteen in each group. And we get nothing better than black broth, barley-meal, poor wine, cheese, figs, and a little meat or fish."

"And when we go home from the public tables," growled a third man, "he makes us walk without the help of lighted torches; he wants us, he says, to learn to pick our way boldly in the dark."

"He is a bad ruler; he is a tyrant!" shouted the crowd.

Just then Lycurgus passed by, and the mob flung stones at him, so that he was forced to fly, in order to take refuge in a temple. But, before he could reach the gate of the temple, he was overtaken by a young man named Alcander. The youth struck Lycurgus a stinging blow in the eye with a stick. The law-maker stopped, and turned round to the people, and showed them his bruised face, streaming with blood. Then they were smitten with sadness, and felt ashamed at their outbreak; and, seizing Alcander, they dragged him to Lycurgus, saying:—

"Sir, this wretch is your prisoner; do with him as you will."

The Spartans followed their ruler to his house. On reaching his door, Lycurgus said:—

"I thank you, good people, and beg you all to go quietly to your homes, and leave the young man with me."

He took Alcander into his house, but never scolded him, and never ill-treated him. For some days the youth lived in the ruler's house, and waited upon him instead of the usual servants. Alcander saw how good a man Lycurgus was—how hard he worked, how kindly he spoke, how orderly he lived; and when at length he left the law-maker's dwelling he told his friends how sorry he was for having so ill-used the best man in Sparta. And Alcander himself learned to rule his temper, and he became a modest and well-behaved citizen. Now, this shows how *strong* a man Lycurgus was; he could not only make laws for the people, but also for himself. Suppose that, when Lycurgus was struck in the eye, he had flown into a passion, and plunged about wildly among the people, bawling and yelling in his rage. Then he would have proved himself to be a *weak* man.

Charles and his teacher walked in the country. Several small curs came barking and snarling at their heels. When they saw a cudgel uplifted, they hurried away; then they followed again, yelping, and rushing first this side and then that. All this time a big mastiff lay at the roadside. Like a prince of dogs he looked, stately and powerful; and he made no sound.

Presently Charles and his teacher arrived at a common. Over the grass waddled a flock of geese, stretching out their necks, and staring, and hissing, and cackling. Meanwhile some great cows silently grazed, and took no notice of the passers-by.

"You see," said the teacher, "the small and weak people are noisy; they

bark, they chatter, but they can do little. The strong people are calm."

I told you of the great conqueror Alexander, and how he marched to Persia, to India, to Egypt. But he never conquered himself. In a fit of anger he threw a spear at a friend whom he loved dearly, and slew him; and afterwards was deeply grieved at his own deed. He drank often from the wine-cup; much too often he drank; and he fell into a fever and died.

Now, in that same India that Alexander visited there once lived a wise teacher named Buddha. Buddha taught his disciples this saying:—

"If one man conquers in battle a thousand times ten thousand men, and another man conquers himself, he who conquers himself is the greater conqueror."

Lesson III

A TEMPERATE LIFE

Solon and Crœsus. The noble temper. The tempered blade. The shepherd who lost the noble temper. The right temper knows where to stop. Temperance. Daniel and his three friends. The temperate life is healthy; shows a good example; and makes a higher use of things and time.

"My friend, have you ever before seen such jewels as those that flash in my crown? Yonder you perceive the queen passing with her maids to the garden; her necklace, her bracelets, and rings glitter with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. Hark! the music plays, and my soldiers are marching out, with spear, bow, and arrow, to the plains in front of my palace; walk with me round my palace; behold my statues, my beautiful vases, my curtains, my ivory throne, my fountains; and from this window you may watch my huntsmen and hounds going to the great park to chase the wild bear and the boar and the wolf. Friend Solon, have you ever seen a happier man than me?"

All this was said by Crœsus, King of Lydia, to Solon the Greek.

"Yes," answered Solon, "I have seen a happier man."

"Who was it? What king do you speak of?"

"He was not a king, but a plain citizen of Athens. Not much money had he; nor was his house adorned with statues and hangings like yours. But still, he was never in want, and his neighbours respected him for his honesty and courage. He died on the field of battle, fighting for his country; and he left behind him sons and daughters who are following his good example."

"Well," said Crœsus, "excepting Tellus, am I not the happiest man in the world? You don't know any happier, do you?"

"Yes; there were two brothers who loved each other, and who loved their mother. One day, when their mother wished to go to the temple, the oxen were not ready to draw her cart, and the two brothers put themselves in the harness, and carried her to the temple amid the blessings of the people who stood by. Afterwards they lay down to rest and died, and all men praised them for their goodness."

Was Solon right? I think so. But why was Tellus, and why were the two brothers, happier than the King of Lydia? King Crœsus was rich in jewels, statues, splendid clothing, servants, soldiers. Were these things part of himself, or were they outside himself? They were outside himself; he might lose them all; and years afterwards, he really did lose them all when another king conquered his country and took him captive. But Tellus was made happy, and the brothers were made happy, by something which was a part of themselves. It was their own character; their own TEMPER. The noble temper of Tellus stayed with him all his life. The noble temper of the two brothers was the thing that made them rich; it made them glorious in their death.

Look at this steel blade. When it was first fashioned from the rough metal it was soft; it could be bent, and it would not spring back. Then it was heated red and plunged into water. That made it hard, but brittle; it could easily have been broken. Again it was

heated till it turned white or even yellow, and again it was thrust into water; and then it became elastic: it could be bent without breaking, and it would spring back like a thing alive. It has now a fine temper, a fine quality for cutting. It can bend, but it knows where to stop bending, so as not to break.

I will tell you of a man who had the right temper, and lost it.

A young Indian Rajah (prince) said to his vizier (*viz-eer'*) :—

"How is it I am so often ill? I don't go out in the rain; my clothes are fine and warm; my food is good; yet I am always catching cold and fever."

"Overmuch care is worse than none at all," replied the vizier, "and I will soon prove it to you."

The prince and his vizier walked out in the fields. They met a poor shepherd who tended his flocks all day; his cloak was coarse; he was nearly always out in the open air, in dew, frost, and sunshine; his food was parched corn, his drink water; he lived in a simple hut made of plaited palm-branches.

"My good man," asked the prince; "don't you ever suffer from cold and fever?"

"No," answered the shepherd; "I am used to this hard life."

"Oh," remarked the prince, "he is a strong man; nothing could make him ill."

"We shall see," said the vizier.

They invited the shepherd to live in the Rajah's palace. He was kept sheltered from the rain, dew, frost and sunlight, and never allowed to sit in a draught or get wet feet. At the end of some months the marble floor of the courtyard was sprinkled with water to cleanse it; the shepherd walked over the damp floor, caught cold, and died. He had lost the old temper; he lived a soft, easy life, and it did him harm.

Of course, you will bear in mind that this happened in India, where the climate is warm. In France, England, Germany, the United States, or Australia, we may need more clothing than the shepherd wore even in the palace. But what might be good for us was not good for him. He had too much fine clothing, too much fine food, too much care taken of him. Would it hurt you to eat a strawberry, or two, or three, or six? I suppose not; but I have heard of an old clergyman in America who was sick if he ate only one; even one was too much! If, again, a dish of very fat meat were placed before you, you would not care to eat it all; it would give you a disgust, and make you ill. But if we were to visit the snow-houses of the North, and watch the Esquimaux taking their meals, we should be astonished at the mass of food which they consumed. Great portions of whale fat and the fat of seals they swallow with eagerness, and they need it to keep up the warmth of their bodies in the sharp frosty air of the Polar regions. Could an Esquimau eat too much? No doubt he could. He must learn when to stop, the same as we ourselves must learn; only he stops at a different place! Nor should we always stop at the *same* place. If you are well and strong, a slice of cake or a parcel of sweetmeats from your good-natured uncle will not hurt you; but if you are not well, this very same cake and these very same sweetmeats would give you pain and sickness.

Now, when we have this temper which knows where to stop, we are said to be TEMPERATE; we practise TEMPERANCE; we lead a TEMPERATE LIFE.

I have told you of a man who lost the right temper; now I will tell you of one who kept it.

In the days of ancient Judæa the city of Jerusalem was taken by the King of Babylon; and many noblemen were carried away prisoners to the East. The king of Babylon gave orders to his steward to rear these youths at a college where, for three years, they should live at the king's expense, and carry on their studies until they were quick in mind, and had learning and manners that would fit them to be companions of the king. Each day the college table was spread with costly food and wine-cups. A young

Jew named Daniel turned away in displeasure from the heavy feast, and determined to live on plain and simple diet. He and three friends spoke to the steward on the subject.

"No, no," exclaimed the steward; "I cannot consent to your doing any such thing. You must eat the same food and dainties as the rest, else you will get thin and pale, and your brains will become stupid, and my royal master will be angry with me, and I may lose my head!"

"Try us, I beseech you," pleaded Daniel; "let us, for ten days, eat plain peas, beans, and herbs, and drink only water; and if, at the end of that time, we appear weaker than the others, then we will again take our places at the table which the king provides."

"I agree," said the steward. At the end of ten days Daniel and his three friends were cheerful, active, healthy; and they were as ready to learn reading, writing, astronomy, and other arts and sciences as were any scholars in the royal college. So the steward let them have their own way; and, after three years, none were found so handsome in body and so clever in thought and speech as these four temperate youths; and Daniel and his three friends were chosen by the king as his special companions. Now, we need not all copy Daniel in the meals he ate; but we may copy his temper. You see—

1. He kept *healthy* in his body and in his mind.

2. He showed his young comrades a good *example*. Perhaps his three friends would have lived a lazier life if he had not shown them a better way.

3. Even if the king's dainties were good, and the wine pure, it was *higher and nobler* to live plainly and gain skill in learning.

Lesson IV

A TEMPERATE LIFE—(*continued*)

Mohammed and strong drink. The drunkard's family. Being temperate helps us to be kind and thoughtful; useful; and brave.

In the great cities of India, on the table-land of Persia, amid the sands of Arabia, in wide regions of Africa, the people follow the teaching of the prophet Mohammed (*Mo-ham'-med*), who lived more than a thousand years ago. He said to his disciples, "In wine there is great sin," and the people who love his name will never drink wine or any kind of spirits. It is said that Mohammed once went to a party where men drank wine, and laughed and joked and made merry; and he said to himself: "Wine is a blessed thing, for it makes men happy." He left the house before the party broke up. The next morning he visited the same house, and he saw spots of blood on the floor, and portions of torn clothing; and he learned that the men had drunk too much of the wine, and it had maddened their brains, and they had quarrelled and fought; and then Mohammed saw what evil came of strong drink, and forbade his followers ever to take wine. He could see that strong drink made people behave brutally and selfishly; and he could see that temperate men and women were more likely to be KIND and THOUGHTFUL. There are men who grow so fond of tobacco that they wish to smoke everywhere. They will smoke in railway

carriages and other places which are not set apart for smokers, and though they know the persons about them do not like it; and every puff of their smoke tells the tale of their selfishness.

Is it wrong to drink *wine* and other drink which contains the spirit alcohol? I do not think we ought to say so. Is it wrong to smoke *tobacco?* I do not think so. Is it wrong to be *unkind* and *thoughtless?* Most certainly it is. You see the thing we need to look at is not the wine or the tobacco, but the man's *temper* or character. If drinking or smoking makes a man unkind, or makes him unfit to do good work, or causes him to spend money that might be used for better things, then the man does wrong; he is INTEMPERATE.

Look at this picture. It is called "The Drunkard's Family"[1] Night has come on. On a ledge at the foot of a dull, dead wall sits a woman. Her feet are bare; her head is uncovered; her hair falls untidily over her neck; her dress is all in rags; and is not a ragged woman more sad to look at than a ragged man? Most terrible of all is her downcast, tearful face. In her right arm she clasps a pale baby; against her left side crouches a boy; his clothes also are ragged; and he stares at us as if he were wondering why he and the baby and his mother should be so unhappy. A great shadow hangs over the place, the woman, and the children. Where is the father? We cannot see him, but we see his work, his evil work. He has left his family uncared for and wretched. His intemperate habits have made him selfish and thoughtless. It is no wonder that in England and America so many people should hate strong drink, and take a pledge never to taste it. Some of them do so lest they might be led into drinking too much. But many have a still nobler reason: they abstain from these drinks so that other persons, whose will is not so strong, may be helped and encouraged to leave the dangerous thing alone. Think of this, then; and ask your father, your mother, and your friends what their opinion is. A book or a lesson will not tell you everything. Think for yourself, and, as you grow older, you will judge what to do. But, whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you may do, remember that you should do nothing that will make you less healthy, or make you unkind and thoughtless towards your neighbour.

[1] By Gustave Doré.

One of the greatest men who ever lived was the Englishman, John Howard. While on a voyage to Lisbon, he and his fellow-passengers in a packet ship were captured by a French vessel, and were kept without food or water for forty-eight hours. At Brest they were placed in a dirty prison for a week; they had only straw to lie on; and so hungry were they that, when the gaoler flung a joint of mutton into the cell, they tore it to pieces like beasts. After his release he thought often and often of the sufferings of prisoners. Even if these people have done wrong, he said to himself, they ought not to be treated with cruelty. And then, for many years, he visited prisons, looking at the rooms, the windows, the beds, the water, the food, and begging the gaolers and magistrates and rulers and kings to be merciful to the men and women who had been shut up for their misdeeds; and in many places his advice was listened to, and the prisons were made more clean and wholesome. In this way he travelled over England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Russia. He died in Russia in the year 1789, at the age of sixty-four; and, as he lay dying, he said to a companion: "Lay me quietly in the earth; place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." No; he shall never be forgotten. You and I will think with love and respect of John Howard, who was so USEFUL to his fellow-men. Now, Howard led a very temperate life; perhaps you will think he was much too strict. A lady at whose house he once visited tells us that during the day he would take nothing but a cup

of tea or coffee and a little bread and butter; and at night his meal would consist of a glass of water and a few potatoes! We are astonished that he could do so much work on so small an amount of food. Your father and mother wish you to be kind and useful; but they will not ask you to live on water, bread and butter, and potatoes. What was enough for John Howard might not be enough for another person. But what we must think of is not his potatoes, or his glass of water, but his fine temper. He lived in this plain manner so that he might save his wealth, and (as he thought) keep strong and healthy, and give his riches and his labour to the service of sorrowful prisoners.

So the temperate man is more likely to be HEALTHY in mind and body, to be KIND, THOUGHTFUL, and USEFUL.

In ancient times there dwelt in Greece a famous people called the Spartans. They were a very temperate nation, though, like John Howard, they were more strict than most people need to be. The boys were taught to labour, to drill, to fight, and to endure hardship; and they slept on beds made of reeds which they had cut with knives on the bank of the river; but in winter they were allowed to strew thistledown on the beds, to make them softer and warmer. The houses of the Spartans were built of plain logs of wood, hewn only by the axe; and the doors were simply cut by the saw, and had no ornament; the beds, tables, and other furniture were of the most homely character. The money they used was but iron coins. Lest they should become idle by resting on couches at home, or feasting too richly, it was ordered that all the men should eat their meals—flour, wine, cheese, figs, black broth, and a little flesh and fish—at the public tables, about fifteen persons sitting at each board. In these ways, and by sports and long exercises, the Spartans were prepared for war, and they advanced to battle without flinching, and would die rather than yield to a foe. When their ruler, Lycurgus, was asked if he would not build a wall round the city of Sparta, he answered: "That city is best fortified which has a wall of men instead of brick."

Thus, you see, the temperate Spartans were very BRAVE. And you, boys and girls, also wish to be brave, though not with that bravery which aims only at shedding blood. They are brave men who face the fire of burning houses, who toil on the sea, who labour in mines and quarries and docks—ah, yes, all men and women can be brave in bearing pain, in doing the daily work, in saying right words, in resisting what is unjust. And to be brave we need the noble TEMPER; we must be TEMPERATE.

LESSON V

A TEMPERATE LIFE—(*concluded*)

Temperance as an aid to bravery, honour, and cheerfulness. The force of example. The five parties (a story from the Talmud).

I HAVE told you of the Spartans. Another brave nation was the Roman people, and one of the bravest of the brave Romans was Cincinnatus (*Sin-sin-á-tus*). In the year 458 B.C. a host of enemies was approaching Rome, with dust, and shouts, and the clatter of chariots and horses. The people said: "Where is Cincinnatus? He is the noblest of our captains. If he leads us, we shall conquer the foe." So messengers were sent to his home in the country.

When they reached the little thatched

cottage, they found Cincinnatus was not there. So they trudged across the farm, and over the heavy clods of earth where the ground had been cut into furrows to receive the grain. A plough was being drawn by two stout oxen, and the man at the plough was Cincinnatus. His coat was of coarse wool; his face was bronzed by the wind and the sun. When he heard their story he took the oxen to the stable, and went straight to Rome. The citizens raised a cry of joy. He chose out the strongest and most stalwart men, and bade each one take with him food enough for five days, and twelve wooden staves, or thick sticks. Then he led them out across the hills towards the enemy. The invaders lay encamped in a valley, and were not expecting the Romans so soon. At night all was quiet. By the order of Cincinnatus the Roman warriors drove their staves into the earth until a fence was silently formed all round the enemy's camp. Then the swordsmen and spearmen and bowmen yelled a terrible war-whoop, and the foes awoke, and found themselves caught in a trap! Cincinnatus returned to Rome, and the people hailed him as victor.

Suddenly he left the city, and went back to his cottage and his plough. He had been captain for sixteen days, and he would take no pay, no fee, no reward. This ploughman, this man of simple life, this temperate farmer, was the noblest of the Romans.

When a battle is to be fought, and when hard work is to be done, we do not go to the dainty people for help. There was a great Roman named Pompey; and Pompey made war against Julius Cæsar. In Pompey's army were many young soldiers who came of rich families; they wore their hair long, took immense pains with their dress, and were very vain of their looks. Cæsar's men were hardy and tough; they grew strong on plain food, and could carry heavy burdens and strike mighty blows. So Cæsar gave orders to his soldiers not to smite Pompey's men upon the legs or breast, but to aim at their delicate faces; and Pompey's young troopers were in great fear of being made ugly, and they fled, and Pompey lost the battle.

Sometimes people may be too strict and severe, as John Howard was. They wish to keep strong, and active, and brave; and so they live very simply; but they may go too far; they do not know where to stop. Many years ago the Scottish Highlanders were engaged in war, and were encamped in the mountains. It was the winter season, and one of the Highlanders had rolled up some snow to form a pillow. His companion was vexed at his wanting to rest so comfortably, and he kicked the snow away, saying that a Highlander ought not to care for such luxuries! Now, that was not the noble TEMPER; it was INTEMPERATE; it was too hard and stern.

TEMPERANCE, then, helps to make men and women HEALTHY, KIND, THOUGHTFUL, USEFUL, and BRAVE. If I tell you the story of Manius Curius, a Roman, perhaps you will see another quality which the Simple Life helps us to learn. Curius was a famous leader, and the enemies of Rome trembled at his power and name. Yet he lived in a modest little country cottage just like a ploughman or a herdsman. The tribe of the Samites were foes to the Romans, and they sent messengers to persuade Curius to come over to their side. The Samite ambassadors found Curius sitting by his hearth, watching a pot in which he was preparing his evening meal. They showed him a bag of glittering gold.

"This, Curius," said they, "shall be yours if you will join the Samites, and lead our armies against Rome."

Curius smiled.

"I am going to have turnips for supper," he replied; "and a man who can sup on turnips can do without gold."

Now, what was this fine quality which made Curius too proud to do such a mean thing as to betray his country? It was his feeling of HONOUR; he was an HONOURABLE man. The Samites could

not tempt him into an act of treason; the sight of the money did not disturb his mind.

You remember I told you of Mohammed visiting the house of feasting, and praising wine for its power to make men gay; and afterwards he changed his mind, and forbade his disciples to drink it. But you may be sure he did not object to people singing, and laughing, and merry-making. Are temperate people gloomy? No, indeed. The people who are spiteful, and sullen, and fault-finding are intemperate. The noble TEMPER keeps cheerful. Have you not seen men and women sailing joyfully down the stream or upon the rippling sea? Have you not seen the children sporting on the sands, building castles and palaces, or gathering pink and yellow shells on the beach? Have you not seen lads and lasses chasing one another in the greenwood, or romping among the glorious clusters of bracken, or picking blackberries with song and shouting? Have you not seen men and women enjoying the climbing of hills, or the riding of bicycles; or listening to the singing of choirs or the rolling notes of the organ; or gazing with delight at white statues or the pictures in a public gallery? When we have tasted these pleasures, we are stronger to do our day's work, and our hearts are more glad. When the intemperate man has taken too much strong drink, he is filled with fierce and uneasy passion; when he spends too much on food, or clothes, or furniture, or houses, he gets into debt and suffers many worries; when he loves the bull-fight, or amuses himself with the killing of dumb animals, he is no longer troubled by the sight of bloodshed, and loses the tenderness of his heart.

We who love TEMPERATE pleasures can perhaps lead others to love them also. Our neighbours may copy us. When a wealthy Persian nobleman came to see Agesilaus (*A-ges-i-lá-us*), king of Sparta, he found him sitting on the grass. The nobleman's servants were about to spread soft skins and carpets on the ground for their master to recline on. But the Persian thought to himself:—

"The king of Sparta is content to sit on the grass, and I ought to show myself as simple in my manners as he."

So he followed the king's EXAMPLE, and sat upon the green grass.

Well, one more story, and this shall be the last, or else you will think I am an intemperate story-teller! This tale is taken from the great Jewish book known as the Talmud.

A ship approached a beautiful island, and the captain said all the passengers who chose might land; but they must return when the ship-bell rang at sunset, for then he would weigh the anchor and proceed on his voyage. The people divided themselves into five parties.

1. The first party stayed on board; they were afraid lest they might get lost on the island. I do not admire these timid people.

2. The second party roamed in the woods, enjoyed the scent of the flowers, ate of the sweet fruit, and returned to the vessel happy and refreshed. They had the noble TEMPER which knew where to stop.

3. The third party wandered a long way, and came back to the shore just as the crew were raising the anchor, and were in terror lest they should be too late.

4. The fourth party loitered and loitered, and heard the bell ring; and even then they said: "Oh, there is no need to hurry; the captain will not go without us." But the ship was beginning to move; and the foolish people waded through the water, and fought with each other as they scrambled over the ship's side.

5. The fifth party ate, and drank, and feasted again, and knew not when to stop; they fell asleep; they heard not the sound of the bell; and they knew not that the vessel had sailed; and then they awoke in the darkness of the night.

Lesson VI

A TALK ABOUT TALKING

The tongue an instrument, weapon, or tool. It can speak our thoughts, ask questions, teach, command, &c. How to speak and when to speak. Our talk shows our characters.

A SOLDIER'S sword; a rifle; a spear; a revolver; a bayonet; a dagger—what are all these things? They are *weapons*, deadly weapons.

A spade; a chisel; a hammer; a mallet; a gimlet; a screwdriver; a saw; a plane; what are all these things? They are *tools*, useful tools.

If we mix together swords and hammers, revolvers, and saws, what shall we call them now? They are *instruments*, some deadly, some useful. Now, I am going to talk to you about a little instrument which I have brought with me—but, indeed, I could not talk to you at all without it! What is this instrument? It is the tongue, the instrument of SPEECH; though let us remember it could do nothing without the help of the lips, teeth, and the roof of the mouth. Is it a tool or a weapon? It may be a deadly weapon; and it may be a useful tool.

How many kinds of work this tool can perform!

It can *speak our thoughts*. In the darkness of my brain there is a thought which you do not know; and my tongue tells it out to you, and then you know that I was thinking how a poor, dirty street in a city might be turned into a hamlet of pretty cottages with rose gardens all round.

It can *ask questions*. Ah, these wonderful questions! What makes the wind blow? How was chalk made? Why is the tiger striped? How do young plants come from old plants? What are the stars made of? How did men come to think of A B C?

It can *teach*. We that teach you boys and girls like to look at your upturned faces, and we rejoice that we have tongues to tell you stories of brave men and women. And then we, too, like to listen to some old man whose tongue speaks wisdom to us and makes us wiser.

It can *command*. See the noble fleet sailing across the bay, now slowly, now fast, now to the east, now to the west, like black fortresses with spires that point to heaven; it moves as the admiral commands. A hundred children are playing in the playground with bat, ball, hoop, skipping-rope, marbles. All of a sudden the teacher commands "Fall-in!" and the noisy crowd is turned into silent rows of boys and girls, and all is so still that you can hear the buzzing of a fly. Wonderful tongue!

It can *praise*. Daisy, how fair are the snow-white petals that surround your golden centre. Child, you have run your little errand promptly, and we are glad you were so willing. Mother, you make the house beautiful. Father, your work has given us bread and garments and a shelter from the storm.

It can *blame*. Ugly house, the builder who made you thought more of getting money than of giving you pretty walls and windows. Selfish boy, you play with a box full of toys while your little neighbour, whose parents are poor, looks eagerly at your model engine and would so love to work it if you would let him. Hard-hearted man, you dwell in a great mansion and sit at ease, and do not feel troubled when the people starve.

sometimes he would close his lips, and wisely resolve not to say all that he thought, and so he came to be called William the Silent.

But speak when you can tell a neighbour the right road; speak when you can tell people what they will be glad to learn; speak when you can make a sad person smile; speak when you can show kindness and friendship. Yes, speak then with a good heart; for we grown-up people do not love any sound in the world so much as the sound of happy children's voices.

We said that the tongue might be a weapon, a deadly weapon, as well as a useful tool. But I will not talk of the evil things the tongue may say. You know what harm it can do.

But, last of all, I must relate to you the story of the three wayfarers.

A shepherd and his son were seated under an oak-tree. Three militia-men in soldiers' uniforms stopped to look at the oak. These three men were returning home after their army exercises.

"A fine oak," observed the first; "if I could turn it into charcoal, what a price I should get."

"So you would, master Charcoal-burner," said the shepherd.

"If," remarked the second, "I could strip off the bark of this tree, I should have tan enough to last for a year."

"Yes, master Tanner," said the shepherd, "but it would be a pity to spoil the tree."

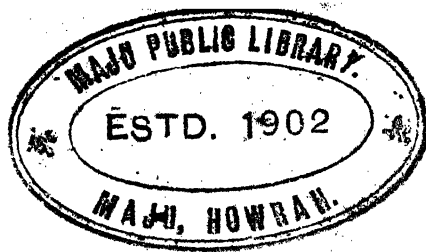
"What acorns!" cried the third; "if I could feed my pigs with them, what sausages, what hams, I should be able to sell!"

"Well, master Butcher," said the shepherd, "next week the acorns will be for sale."

When the three men had gone away, the boy asked:

"Father, how did you know these men were a Charcoal-burner, a Tanner, and a Butcher?"

"I know them by their talk," replied the father. "People talk of the things they take interest in. The charcoal-burner speaks of burning wood, the tanner of making leather, and the butcher of his fat pigs. So people know us by our speech. Our tongues show our characters."



Lesson VII

PATIENCE

The doctor's patients. Patience is the brave and calm bearing of trouble. Patience at work. Patience under difficulties and pain.

There is certainly something strange about the people whom we see in the picture which I am placing before you. Here is an old man leaning back in an arm-chair; here is a young girl; a child lying sadly on its mother's lap; a young man sitting at the table, resting his head on his hand; an elderly woman, with her hands folded, looking mournfully at the floor; these, and others, all appear as if they were not happy. Let us read the title of the picture—"The Physician's Waiting-room." Ah, now we understand. These people are waiting to see the doctor. They are *patients*.

Do they all bear their trouble well? No; some take their suffering quietly, calmly, bravely. Others fret and worry and complain. All patients are not *patient*. Now, you see the word *patient* has two meanings. It may simply mean a person who goes to the doctor to be cured of pain or weakness. It may also mean that a person is ready to suffer the pain or weakness or waiting without murmuring and fidgetting; and such a person shows PATIENCE. To bear trouble bravely and calmly is to be PATIENT; and PATIENCE IS THE BRAVE AND CALM BEARING OF TROUBLE. Ought we to bear all our troubles calmly? No. If a man tried to chain you, to make you work for unfair wages or no wages, to treat you as a slave, and to force you into doing his will as if you were a machine—ought you to bear this trouble calmly? No, indeed; you should resist, and wrestle, and seek to be free. But, when fighting cannot help us, we can still show our bravery by bearing the trouble without foolish groaning, sulking, or anger.

When can we show this bravery?

1. *At work.*

Two girls went to the market, each carrying a heavy basket of fruit on her head. Mary kept grumbling: "Oh, this heavy basket! Ah, how I wish I were at the end of the journey! Alas, I feel ready to drop!" But Alice laughed and said merry words.

"What makes you laugh so?" asked Mary. "Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger."

Alice replied: "I have a precious little herb, which makes it easier for me to carry the basket."

"Indeed!" cried Mary. "What is this wonderful plant, then?"

"It is PATIENCE," answered Alice.

You will not, of course, suppose that Alice meant a real herb such as grows in gardens. PATIENCE grows in our hearts, our characters.

A man—a very thoughtful man—once laid small lumps of chalk all over a field. He knew the soil was full of worms, and that these worms passed the earth through their bodies and cast it out upon the surface. As the worms bored through the soil, the chalk would sink down into the softened earth; and if, after a time, he dug up the ground, he would know, by the sinking of the white chalk, how far the worms had broken up the ground. He was in no hurry to turn up the earth. He was willing to wait; and, of course, he had many other kinds of work to carry out—some that needed

doing quickly, some that needed much patience. Nor did Charles Darwin (for that was his name) dig up the field until twenty-nine years had passed; and then he found the chalk had sunk to the depth of seven inches. This was Darwin's patience in finding out facts—his patience in the work of *science*.

The great sculptor Michael Angelo was toiling in his studio, or workshop, one day, when a friend paid him a visit. Michael Angelo was carving a large marble figure. Some weeks later the friend visited him again, and said:—

"Why, you have done nothing at this statue since last I came."

"I have been hard at work," returned the sculptor. "I have cut the wrinkle on the forehead deeper; I have altered the eyelid; I have added a new line to the mouth——"

"Yes," exclaimed the visitor; "but these are only trifles."

"They are indeed trifles, said Michael Angelo; "but it is these tiny things that make the work perfect. Trifles make perfection.

Michael Angelo, you see, was patient in his *art*. And all the world is like a studio where men, women, and children may carry on their beautiful and patient art. The scholar draws a map with patient eye and hand, and the proud teacher hangs it up to adorn the wall. The ploughman patiently cuts one furrow, two furrows, many furrows across the field, so that corn may grow to feed the folk in cottage and mansion. The dear mother sews the garments, and cooks the food, and nurses the sick child, and her patience makes the home happy.

2. *Under difficulties and pain.*

Do you know what a naturalist is? Well, Darwin was a naturalist. A naturalist looks closely at birds, beasts, and all living creatures, and watches their habits, and notices their shape, and their food, etc. Mr. Audubon was a famous naturalist in the United States. (He died in 1851.) He used to make very careful pictures of the birds he saw in forest and field, and in this way he collected as many as two hundred beautiful sketches. One night all this labour of years was destroyed; the rats got into a cupboard, and tore and spoiled the papers. No wonder poor Audubon was sad for a day or two. After that, however, he plucked up a cheerful spirit, and set to work, and drew again all the pictures of the birds which he loved to study; and thus he showed a very noble temper.

One day I watched young men play at football. With what eagerness they kicked the ball, snatched at it, carried it, threw it, and pursued it as if it were a wild beast which they must slay! In the midst of the game, when the youths were struggling all in a heap—legs, arms, heads, shoulders, all in a living tangle! —one of them suddenly rolled flat upon the ground and lay still. He was hurt. Some of his comrades rubbed him; others stood and watched. Presently he rose, with his lips firmly closed, and a look of pain in his face. He breathed hard, but made no outcry, no complaint; and, in a few minutes, he joined again in the sport. This was a brave bearing of pain; this was how the youth proved himself strong; and so, when men and women bear up with manly and womanly courage against pain, we call their bravery by the name of *fortitude*. Fortitude is a very *strong* kind of patience. But do only strong men possess it? Have you not seen some boys and girls bear pain better than others? Have you not noticed that some children will cry at a scratch, while others will bravely bear even a big bruise or cut? And when we bear a pain bravely once, it becomes easier to bear a second pain, and a third. As soldiers learn drill, so we may learn to bear troubles. A man or woman who bears trouble bravely is a hero, a heroine; and these are the great people of the world. And so, if you pass a thatched cottage where dwells a man who has had much sickness, and lost a wife or children, and still keeps a brave spirit, and speaks kindly to his neighbours, you may

say: "In that cottage there lives a noble heart."

But perhaps all this may sound too sad. Let me make you smile by the story of the Chinese innkeeper. A Chinese traveller stopped at an inn. The day was warm, and the mosquitoes were very annoying, and bit the traveller till he was quite enraged. The insects also attacked the innkeeper, who, however, kept his temper.

"My good man," said the traveller, "how is it you can stand the mosquitoes so easily?"

"Ah, sir," answered the innkeeper, "once I was a prisoner in the stocks, and my hands and my feet were made fast; and the mosquitoes bit me, and I could not ward them off, and I suffered much agony; and now that I am free, and able to defend myself, the trouble seems much less, and I can easily bear it."

You see the innkeeper looked backward at the pain he had already borne. It is also good for us sometimes to look forward. You remember how the frogs in a pond had a very poor sort of king—simply a log of wood that said nothing and did nothing. Certainly, it was not a king to be proud of, and his silence was very vexing! But, if they had been wise, the frogs would have kept this king instead of the new one whom they chose. The new king was a long-legged stork, who strode into the pond and snapped up the frogs one by one and devoured them! The frogs had changed a bad king for a worse one!

Lesson VIII

PATIENCE—(*concluded*)

The patience of Job. Patience with people or animals who annoy us. Patience in waiting. John Milton's motto: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

In the plains of Syria there once lived a very rich chieftain named Job. He had a large family—seven sons and three daughters; and, besides gold and silver, he possessed large herds of camels, oxen, asses, goats, and sheep. All his life seemed sunshine and happiness. But one summer day, as Job sat in ease and peace, four men rushed into his house, one after the other, with terrible tidings.

First Messenger.—"The Arabs from the South have captured your oxen and asses, and slain all the herdsmen except me."

Second Messenger.—"The lightning has destroyed your sheep, and all the shepherds except myself have been killed in the storm."

Third Messenger.—"The Chaldæan (*Kal-deé-an*) robbers have carried off all your camels, and slain all the drivers except me."

Fourth Messenger.—"Your sons and your daughters were feasting merrily; and a whirlwind smote the house, and the roof and walls fell in, and all the people lost their lives except me."

Thus blow after blow fell upon Job the chieftain. Though the story does not say so, I should think he had learned to bear troubles before these last terrible things happened; else I do not believe he could have borne his woes so calmly and bravely. He sat silent for a little while, and then he said:—

"As a babe, I came into the world with nothing; and nothing can I carry away when I die; and I have no right to complain if all things are now taken from me."

And when, after all these misfortunes, a terrible disease poisoned his blood and

wasted his body, Job only said: "It is only just that when we have had the pleasure of good things, we should also be patient enough to bear the sorrow of evil things."

This was the PATIENCE of Job.

3. *With other people (or with animals).*

When Job suffered his great losses he did not meet the enemies that hurt him. He never saw the robbers, nor could he seize the lightning or the whirlwind. But often we stand face to face with the persons who vex us, and then we have the chance to show them our patience or impatience.

Years ago a careful observer lived in Geneva. This man of science, whose name was Abauzit, used to keep watch upon the changes of the weather, and the rising and falling of the quicksilver in the barometer. For twenty-seven years he had made his notes on a paper, which he attached to his weather-glass (barometer). His old servant having left, Abauzit engaged another woman in her place. She made up her mind to give the rooms a thoroughly good sweeping and cleaning, and she removed all untidy papers. The next morning Abauzit came down to look at his barometer. The old paper on which he marked his observations was no longer there.

"What have you done with the paper that was tied round the barometer?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, sir, it was so dirty that I burned it, and in its stead I have put this new white piece!"

Alas, alas!

Abauzit felt as if he could explode. But he folded his arms and said:—

"You have destroyed the work of twenty-seven years. I beg you never to touch anything in this room again."

A yet greater man was Sir Isaac Newton. He also had made many notes, and he used to keep piles of papers on his table. One evening he left his study for short time. A candle was alight; alas for the damage that candle was to do!——

When Sir Isaac Newton returned, the candlestick had fallen over; the flame had caught a bundle of his precious papers, and nothing remained of them but ashes and smoke!

But who had caused this disaster?

Ah, pretty but mischievous creature! It was Sir Isaac's favourite dog Diamond.

Should he beat the dog who knew no better?

This was all he said:—

"Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know the mischief you have done."

Sir Isaac Newton was great because he discovered many new facts about the rainbow, and light, and the falling of stones and other bodies to the earth, and the movements of the planets about the sun. He was also great in his possession of a noble temper. And it was the more noble because the offender was a dog. Men and women that are truly noble have hearts that are great enough to feel respect for dumb animals, and to be forbearing with them when they annoy only by accident.

4. *In waiting.*

In his story of the *Pilgrim's Progress* John Bunyan tells how the traveller (or pilgrim) saw many curious scenes in the House of the Interpreter. In one room the Pilgrim saw two little children, each in his chair. The name of the elder was Passion, and the name of the younger was PATIENCE. Passion seemed to be much discontented; but Patience was very quiet. The Pilgrim asked:—

"Why is Passion so unhappy?"

"Because," said the Interpreter, "the Master has said they shall each have a bag of pretty gifts on New Year's Day. Patience is willing to wait, but Passion is fretting and fuming."

Then someone came to Passion, and brought him a bag of toys, and emptied them all out; and Passion clapped his hands, and seized the treasures, and in his haste and greediness he banged them and ill-used them, till presently they were all broken and useless, and the child was more miserable than before.

Have you ever met little Passion? And have you ever met little Patience?

When mother has been obliged to delay the dinner, have you seen little Patience wait without grumbling? When the gifts and the bon-bons were being handed to the children at the festival, have you seen little Patience take his proper turn? When the rain poured and poured, and prevented the pleasant excursion, have you seen little Patience hunt up a book or a toy to amuse himself while waiting?

And when little Patience grows into a man he will know how to wait for greater things. The men and women who wished the slaves in America to be made free had to work and to wait for many years. The men and women who wished bread to be made cheaper in England by taking off the tax on corn had to work and to wait for many years. And there are men and women who are working for peace among all nations, so that the drum may no longer beat for the battle, and the shot be no longer hurled from the cannon to shed blood and destroy homes. For this we must learn to wait.

In the seventeenth century a grey-haired man lived in an English country cottage. The honeysuckle twined over the porch and the garden was gay. But the old man never saw the glory of the flowers; he was blind. Blind; but not idle, not useless. If you had passed the open cottage-door on a summer evening, you might have heard his voice as he recited lines of a poem to a writer, who put on paper all that the old poet said. The old poet was John Milton, and he was composing his great poem of *Paradise Lost*. Noble was the old poet's patience, as he sat there thinking out beautiful pictures and making them into verses, instead of complaining of the darkness that covered his eyes. Once he thought of a king in his palace, surrounded by many servants. To some the king gave orders to go on this or that message. Swiftly, readily, obediently, they came and went. To others the king said nothing. Yet they, too, were willing. They would hasten to obey as soon as the message came; and, though they did no errand, they were the king's good servants. And so John Milton wrote:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Lesson IX

PERSEVERANCE

The hare and the tortoise. Perseverance is the habit of trying again and again. Perseverance in work and play. Perseverance in working out a purpose, for one's self; for the city; for trade; for use and beauty; for the spread of knowledge.

"You are a very low-class creature," said the hare to the tortoise. "You have as many legs as I have, but you cannot run anything like so fast as I do. Indeed, I doubt if you can run at all. You must have been very badly brought up, and I wonder that your parents did not give you a better education."

"I must confess," answered the tortoise, quietly, "that I do not travel very rapidly. You can run—and talk—very much faster than I can. But now, I wish to try a five-mile race with you."

"With me!" shrieked the hare. "Surely you forget yourself in speaking to me like that."

"I challenge you," said the tortoise; and he looked as if he meant what he said.

"Oh, very well," snapped the hare, "if you care to be so silly."

"And," went on the tortoise, "our friend the fox will act as umpire, to see that the race is waged fairly."

"Fairly?" snorted the hare. "Well, of course; do you suppose I would cheat a miserable tortoise?"

The rivals toed the line, near the bulrush which the fox had fixed in the ground as a winning-post. The course lay round the hill, and back again to the bulrush.

"Off!" yelled the fox.

The hare raced a mile in a few minutes.

"I am quite certain to win the prize," said the hare. "The tortoise has only travelled a yard or two. I will take a nap under the shade of this cluster of ferns."

The tortoise never stopped. In sunshine and shadow; up hill and down hill; over rough places and smooth, he stepped his slow steps.

"Even if I lose the race," he said to himself, "I shall have done my best."

When the hare awoke, she rushed madly onwards, only to find that the tortoise had long since passed the bulrush.

What quality did the tortoise show? He showed PERSEVERANCE. And what is perseverance? You will perhaps say it is trying again and again; and so it is. But there is another word I should like to add to the meaning. Suppose you began learning to ride the bicycle, and found it troublesome. You could not manage your pedals properly; you would wobble from side to side; you would fall. And you might fail on Monday; and try again on Tuesday and Wednesday, and then give it up in despair. Would that be perseverance? No; for you did not keep trying until you had succeeded. Suppose, again, you tried and tried until you succeeded in riding the bicycle, but got tired of learning to work sums, or of learning shorthand; would you be really a persevering boy or girl? No; for persevering people try again even at things which they do not like, so long as they believe it is their duty to do the tasks. And so they always have the *trying* spirit in them; it is their *habit.*

PERSEVERANCE IS THE HABIT OF TRYING AGAIN AND AGAIN.

On the blackboard I draw marks like a man's footprints in the snow; then I draw another pair of footprints, and another, and another, and so on, right across the board. The footprints follow a straight line. This is the line of perseverance.

Again I take the chalk, and draw footprints, but in a different manner. The line of footprints goes right and left; in and out; east and west; now this way, now that; on again, then doubling back. This is not the march of perseverance. It is the walk of the unsteady, fickle man, who cannot make up his mind to carry out a work, a plan, or a study to the end. And you can tell these unsteady people even in their sports. Have you not seen boys and girls who began to learn a game, and then left off because it was too difficult? We use the same hands for throwing balls or wielding bats as we do for holding pens, rulers, spades, chisels, etc.; and we use the same mind; and we show the same character.

"Mind where you are going, Carey," shouted some boys, as they watched a companion climbing a tree.

Young Carey had reached half-way up. They could only just catch sight of him through the masses of leaves.

Crash!

Carey had fallen to the earth! He was carried to the school-house, and put to bed, and the surgeon put his broken leg in bandages and splints. For weeks Carey lay in one room, and his thoughts often turned to the tree, and he muttered to himself, "I *will* climb it." And he did. As soon as he was able to leave the house and run about again, he went to the tree, and made his way, breathless and joyous, to the highest branch that would bear his weight. He had gained his *purpose.* I am not sure that it was a wise thing to do after having broken a leg; but it proved Carey's pluck. When he grew up, he worked out a greater purpose. He became a teacher among the Hindus, and laboured many a day and many a year on the hot plains of India, speaking to the people about the religion he believed in.

You have heard of the tale-books of Charles Dickens. When Dickens was a poor boy, he used to pass a place near Rochester, in Kent, called Gad's Hill. On the top of the hill stood a pretty house.

"Some day," he said, "I will be the master of that house."

He composed *Oliver Twist* and other interesting stories, and earned much money, and was at length able to buy the house on Gad's Hill; and it was there that he died in 1870. He had gained his *purpose.*

Do you remember the story of Richard Whittington? Poor Dick was a country lad, and he had been told that the streets of London were paved with gold. He trudged up to the busy city; but, amid the crowds of merchants and citizens and soldiers, Dick was unnoticed, and there was no golden roadway, and when at last he found employment he was badly treated by his master, and he ran away from the workshop. Carrying his bundle of clothes on a stick across his shoulder, Dick wearily left London behind him, and climbed Highgate Hill, and sat down to rest. Then his ear caught the chime of the far-off bells of Bow Church in the City; and they seemed to ring a happy song which said: "Turn back again, Whittington, thrice Mayor of London." It does not matter if (as people say) this story is not true. We know that boys and girls, who have sound, brave hearts, do often sit on hills, in meadows, or at firesides, or at school desks, and listen to the bells, or the wind, or the kettle singing, or the bee humming, and they hear songs of the good things they will do by and by. But the song is not really in the bells, the wind, the kettle, or the bee; it is in

their own hearts, in their own brave *purpose*. So Whittington went back to London (and this part of the story is true), did his honest daily work at a silk mercer's shop, rose to be a business man on his own account, was looked upon as one of the most honourable citizens, and was three times chosen Mayor of London. He died in 1425.

Christopher Columbus (who died in 1506) often sailed the seas with other sailors; but he had thoughts which they never cared for. He would look westwards across the vast blue surface of the Atlantic Ocean, and say to himself: "If I had ships and men, I would voyage towards the region where the sun sets, and I would reach the splendid coasts and islands of India." He was, of course, correct, though he did not know that America lay between. People mocked him when he told his thoughts; priests declared that such ideas were not to be found in the Bible; noblemen and princes would not help him. At last the king and queen of Spain gave him three ships. For seventy days he struggled to the west on a strange sea. His sailors murmured and threatened and rebelled. But Columbus held on to his *purpose* till, one morning, he beheld the green shore and the palm trees of San Salvador in the West Indies. He had discovered the New World.

In the year 1746 a young engineer named William Edwards was engaged to make a bridge of stone over the river Taff in South Wales. He had never made a bridge before, but he had learned to construct arches, and he was bold enough to think he could build arches across the rolling waters of the Taff. Before long the bridge was finished, and its handsome arches, spanning the stream, were admired by all who passed that way. But, alas! the mountain rains caused the river to swell into a destroying flood. Trees, haystacks, gates, etc., were whirled down the torrent, and they struck against the new bridge, and weakened it, and at length it fell in an awful ruin.

Edwards had agreed to keep the bridge strong and sound for seven years at least; and now all his work was swept away. He rose up in the midst of his sorrow, and resolved to make a second bridge, consisting of one arch only, its span being 140 feet. Scarcely was it completed when it cracked and fell; and all the people pitied the unfortunate engineer.

Again he began to build. His friends saw the courage in his bright eyes; he had faith that he would succeed. Little by little the stone fabric ascended in one long high arch. Three great holes were left in the masonry, and the engineer said this plan would make the building more strongly resist wind and water. In 1755 the task was ended, and over the eddying Taff the Welshmen beheld the Rainbow Arch, as they proudly called it. Crowds flocked to see it and wonder at its beauty. And to this day the Rainbow Arch curves over the stream, and the blasts from the mountains have not shaken it, nor the roaring waters crumbled its foundations.

Charles Darwin (who died in 1882) made a voyage round the world in the ship *Beagle*. His business was to study animals, plants, stones, and rocks, for he was a naturalist. Week by week he collected various kinds of dried plants, and seaweed, and shells, and the skins and bones of animals, and minerals both dull and bright, soft and hard, until his cabin became a museum. But poor Mr. Darwin suffered much from sea-sickness, and frequently had to lie down, waiting till the pain and heaviness had passed away. On his return to England he still suffered, and still he worked in his garden; in observing trees and insects, birds and worms; in writing books that told the facts which he had noticed. If you go into a large library, you will perhaps see a row of Darwin's books, written in the course of forty-five years.

But, usually, he could only give a very short part of each day to his writing—from eight o'clock in the morning till half-past nine; and from half-past four in the afternoon till half-past five. The people of England gave him the honour of burial in Westminster Abbey; and, if ever you pass his grave in the noble church, you should pause to remember the man who worked out his *purpose* in spite of much pain and sickness.

I have told you of several *purposes*, and they were not equally good. Dickens's *purpose* was to buy a fine house; but that was only for himself. Whittington's *purpose* was to become a Mayor; that was good, because he was thus able to serve his City by his wisdom as a magistrate. The *purpose* of Columbus was to open up new portions of the world; this was useful to the trade and wealth of the nations. Edwards's *purpose* was to build a bridge which should afford a good road for traffic, and also make a beautiful thing for the eyes to behold. Darwin's *purpose* was to open up new kinds of knowledge, and thus help to widen the mind—the reason—of mankind.

In my next lesson ("Excelsior") I shall continue to speak of PERSEVERANCE.

Lesson X

EXCELSIOR

Rising higher. The aims towards which people strive; money; health; pleasure; fame; power.

As evening came on, and the forests on the giant hills grew darker and darker, a young man (I will call him the Climber) carried a flag through a village. On the flag was embroidered in gold thread the Latin word *Excelsior*, which means *Higher*. The poet Longfellow tells the story:—

> "The shades of night were falling fast,
> As through an Alpine village passed
> A Youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
> A banner with the strange device—
> Excelsior!"

Cheerful lights shone from windows, but he would not stay to beg a place by any fireside. His mind was set on rising higher. He kept saying to himself "Excelsior," and, as he said it, he gazed upwards where the ice of the great glacier gleamed down the mountain side.

"Do not travel through that Pass," said an old man; "you may be swept away by the dangerous torrent"

The Climber did not pause.

"O stay with me," said a fair maiden; and he looked at her, and a tear stood in his bright blue eye, but still he pressed onwards.

"Beware," cried a peasant, "lest a withered branch of a pine-tree, shaken by the wind, may fall upon you as you journey through the forest. Beware, also, lest the snowy mass of the avalanche carry you away to death!"

And still the Climber kept his eyes directed to the top of the mountain. That was his aim. Early next morning the monks of the convent of Saint Bernard heard the cry of a dying man —"Excelsior"—and hastened with their dogs to his aid. When they reached him he was dead.

> "A traveller, by the faithful hound,
> Half-buried in the snow was found,
> Still grasping in his hand of ice
> That banner with the strange device—
> Excelsior!"

The noble Climber had perished while striving to rise higher. We honour him as much as if he had really succeeded in his AIM.

People have AIMS; they try to rise higher towards something they very much want.

In 1897 and 1898 men travelled to Klondyke in North America. For months they scrambled over rocks and through swamps, or rode on pack-horses across rocky and frozen ground at the rate of 15 or 20 miles daily, and much tormented by the bites of mosquitoes. Many men were tired long before they came near Dawson City in the Klondyke, and turned back, hungry and hopeless. What was their aim? Their aim was to get gold, to get riches; for in the Klondyke the soil yielded precious nuggets and shining grains, which the patient diggers would seek for day after day. Was this a noble aim? We cannot call it noble, unless we know what a man wished to do with his gold. He might use it to pay workmen just wages; to buy books and pictures for himself and his neighbours; to send poor children to a good school. Or he might use it only for his own food, his own clothes, his own furniture, his own house and garden, his own pleasure,

without any thought of other people. He might even hoard up the money, coin upon coin, gloating over it and counting it each night, or thinking with selfish joy of the stores he had laid up in the bank. He would be a miser; and no one in all the world likes a miser. Do you remember the story of the miser and the ape? The miser kept an ape, not to pet it or have it for a lively companion, but only to teach it tricks and sell it for more money than he paid for it. One day, while the miser was away from home, the ape stood at the window, and saw a man throw a piece of money to a beggar. The ape must needs imitate this action, and, seizing handfuls of money from the miser's chest, flung the coins from the window into the street below. A noisy crowd gathered and picked up the gold and silver, and still the ape threw more and more. Presently the miser returned, and shrieked with grief at the loss of his precious money; but none pitied him.

"Ah," said a man who watched the scene, "it is foolish to waste the money as the ape is doing; but it was just as foolish of his master to hoard it all up for himself."

Some people, then, aim at getting MONEY.

Let me tell you of five persons who had an aim, but it was not money.

"I am going to leave my office for six months," said a young clerk to his friend; "the doctor says my chest is weak, and I must have rest and change." Alas! before the six months closed he died.

"I have taken my daughter up to the mountains," said a man in a train to his fellow traveller, "and left her there in the home at Davos Platz. The doctor says she needs the strong, dry air of the Alps, and it may save her from consumption. When I return I hope to find her well."

A man, who was pale and worn with life in a great city, walked barefooted in the dewy grass every morning. The doctor said it would do him good.

Another would lie for hours under the pine trees of the Black Forest, drawing in the sweet smell of the pines, and hoping it would give strength to his feeble lungs.

A fifth would lie in a bath of mud; for in the Crimea warm mud rises from the cracks in the earth, and invalids lie in these baths in the hope of cure.

All these five people had an aim. Their aim (I am sure you will tell me) was HEALTH.

The teacher of a class of poor children in London once said: "Would you not like to go to the theatre and see a play?" Yes, they all agreed it would be delightful. But they were not able to pay for the more comfortable seats, and had to go early in order to secure places in the front row of the gallery. At six o'clock in the evening they reached the theatre, and sat on the stone stairs. For an hour and a half they waited, talking and looking at pictures, and—yawning. On entering the gallery they had to linger yet another half hour, gazing at the people and at the curtain that hid the stage. At length the music began, the curtain rolled up, and a beautiful country house was seen, with youths and maidens dancing on the grass. This was what the children had aimed at, and waited for. Their aim was PLEASURE.

Money, health, pleasure, are three aims after which men climb. What shall we mention as the fourth?

At Ephesus (*Ef'-e-sus*), in Asia Minor, stood the stately temple of Diana. Its roof was supported by 127 columns or pillars, each being the gift of a king. Here the people worshipped the goddess Diana; and here the priests collected immense treasures. One night the sky flashed with a red light, and all the people in the city woke and rushed into the streets. The temple was burning, and before long it was destroyed. The man who set fire to the building proudly told the people what he had done, and he said he wished that all men

should remember his name—Eratostratus (*Eratos'-tratus*). It was a very wicked act, and he was a very reckless man; but he obtained his wish, and, as you see, his name is still remembered. Now, what was his aim? It was FAME; he wanted to become famous.

Money, health, pleasure, fame; what shall we think of next?

Look at the map. You notice the little country of Greece. From this quarter of the world once set out an army under the leadership of a young king, Alexander. He crossed the sea to Asia Minor (watch my finger on the map); he fought battles here, and there, and there; and marched across Persia to India—the land of elephants—and back westwards to Egypt, and then to Babylon. Everywhere he was master, lord and conqueror; and once, in his pride, he bade his own soldiers kneel before him as a god! His aim was to get fame, and something more—POWER.

Think of the five climbers—one climbing the hill of riches, a second climbing the hill of health, a third climbing the hill of pleasure, a fourth climbing the hill of fame, a fifth climbing the hill of power. Are these climbers doing wrong? No, not just *because* they aim at these things. But do we think of any of them as we do of the young Climber with the banner? They none of them seem so beautiful.

Lesson XI

EXCELSIOR—(*concluded*)

Self-improvement a noble aim. Examples in the scholars of the evening school and the aged student; the polished diamond, and the boy who learned a lesson from a rope; the music-learner; the recruit. Self-respect. Those who have improved themselves should seek to improve others.

"I SHALL never be able to do it; never," said a young Greek, as he wandered up and down on the sea-shore near Athens.

"What is the matter?" asked an old man, who had noticed his despairing face.

"I tried to make a speech to the people of Athens, but, when I stammered, and got short of breath, the crowd laughed at me, and interrupted me with their shouts and jeers. I shall never become an eloquent speaker."

"Do not be a coward," replied the old man; "you might talk as nobly as the great Pericles (*Per'-i-clees*) if you tried. You must train yourself—exercise yourself."

The young Greek's name was Demosthenes (*De-mos'-then-ees*). He made up his mind to fight with his trouble, and master it. He would even make the trouble greater on purpose. In his mouth he placed little pebbles, and then, standing in a lonely place by the sea, he would struggle to pronounce his words as clearly as he could. He would gaze at the blue ocean, and address it as if it were a mob of Athenians. At other times he would run up a hill, and as he went, he would cry, as plainly as possible, some such words as—

"By earth,
By all her fountains,
Streams, and floods."

Or, in a sort of underground chamber, he would spend his days, and people who passed would smile as they heard him talking loudly to himself. He would even stand before a mirror of polished metal, so that he might watch if his actions were graceful. When, at length, he stood in the open place, and made a speech to the citizens, they

listened to his charming voice so quietly that you might have heard a needle drop; and sometimes, when he said a merry thing, they burst into great laughter; and sometimes, when he said a sad thing, they bent their heads and wept. Demosthenes had made himself an orator. He had improved himself; his aim was SELF-IMPROVEMENT. And not only had he made himself better. He was better able to please the people, and teach them, and make them think of their city, their country, and their duty.

I have told you of the five aims of money, health, pleasure, fame, and power. Is not this sixth aim a nobler one? Demosthenes makes one think of the Climber on the Alps, who felt he must ascend to the snowy peak, and as near as he could to the silver stars.

Let us imagine we are visiting an evening school. These big boys and girls are no longer bound to attend the Government School, for they have passed the age when the law bids them study; but they still wish to learn; their aim is self-improvement; they wish to go on climbing. In one room the pupils are writing; in another playing a tune on hand-bells; in another colouring patterns in blue and gold; in another they pretend to be kings, queens, knights, or merchants, and act a play; in another they march to the sound of music, and keep step, and swing their arms as if all were pulled by one string. All this they do of their own free will. No one orders them to climb. They hope to make themselves more clever, more useful. If, sometimes, they feel the hardness of the struggle, as Demosthenes did when the pebbles checked his words, they press on manfully, and will not let the banner droop.

In 1897 a very old student named Borgsik attended the classes at the University of Warsaw, in Russia. His age was seventy-five years, and still he was learning! He had begun his studies when young, but had to put aside his books in order to go out and earn his living. Then, in 1863, his countrymen, the Poles, rose in rebellion against the Czar of Russia. Borgsik took part in the war, and was taken prisoner, and sent into exile in the snowy plains of Siberia. In 1895 he received a free pardon; and then, returning to Warsaw, began again the study which he had broken off so long ago, and, in 1897, succeeded in passing his examination as doctor of medicine. Excelsior!

A man in South Africa picked up a small piece of stone; it was dirty and rough.

"Make me beautiful," said the stone.

"I shall have to hurt you," said the man.

"Well, if it hurts me, I will bear it," said the stone.

So the man took it to a clever craftsman, who put it in a tight vice, and cut it with a sharp instrument.

"Oh!" cried the stone.

And he ground it till dust fell all about it.

"Oh!" cried the stone.

And he polished it very hard.

"Oh!" cried the stone.

And then he set it in a crown, and, on a sunny day, the queen wore the crown, and the stone—it was a diamond—sparkled in long rays of crimson and green and yellow and silvery white; and all the people were glad to see it. The training was hard, but the improvement was glorious.

A Spanish lad named Isidore used to feel like the diamond when he attended school, and the lessons were difficult, and the teacher stern and severe. One day he ran away from home, and wandered along a country road. Tired and miserable, he sat down by the side of a well, and watched the women of the village as they came to draw water. The buckets were let down into the deep well by means of a thick rope, and as this rope was pulled upwards, the weight of the water in the buckets made it

scrape against the stone coping that surrounded the top of the well. The rope had thus worn a groove in the hard stone. Isidore saw the groove, and asked the woman what had made it.

"It was worn so by the rope," said the woman; "each time the rope rubs against the coping it rubs away a little of the stone, and, by doing this time after time, the rope makes a groove for itself."

A rope could wear away stone by persevering! Perhaps, then, a boy could overcome difficult lessons in the same way. He returned home, took his place in the school again, worked hard at his lessons, and afterwards became a great scholar, and was known as Saint Isidore. Excelsior!

"You must sing it again," said the music teacher; and the poor girl sang the exercise again.

"Again!"

Her voice rose and fell again; and the teacher shook his head and frowned.

"You must practise this again to-morrow. You are a long way from perfection."

She hung her head in sorrow. The next day, and the next; the next week, and the next; the next month, and the next; the next year, and the next, the singer sang, and climbed, and carried the banner of music. One day she stood before five thousand men and women, and she sang till she seemed to carry them up to the clouds, and over the sea, and along rivers, and into gardens and old castles—all like a dream; and the people clapped and cheered, and loved her for her sweet song. She had her reward. Excelsior!

"Hold your head up!" shouted the drill-master. "Turn your feet out better. Keep your back straight. Look right in front of you. Keep your shoulders steady. Don't bend your knees. Don't sway from side to side"

The young soldier—a recruit—grew weary of the drill; but he tried and tried, till at last the drill-master said:—

"You are a smart fellow."

I saw him in a train one day. He sat on one side of the carriage; clean, neat, upright, manly. On the other side of the carriage a young man was crouched up by the window, asleep; his hair uncombed, his chin unshaven, his mouth open, his skin dirty, his limbs awkward—he had not been trained. One had lain idle at the bottom of the hill; the other had climbed. One was called a good-for-nothing. The other had earned his neighbours' respect. Excelsior!

But when the Climber had passed through the pine-forest, and crossed the glacier, and stood all alone, there were no neighbours to respect him for his courage. No; but he knew he had done his part nobly. He respected himself. He felt SELF-RESPECT. His self-respect would not allow him to turn back and give up the task. Excelsior!

Those who have improved themselves should then seek to improve others.

A knock was heard at Mr. Banks's door. A boy wished to see the master of the house; and the maid was about to send him away, when Mr. Banks (who was a carver of statues) called him in.

"What do you want, my lad?"

"I want, sir, if you please, to be admitted as a pupil to learn drawing at the Academy, if you will speak for me."

The sculptor looked at the boy's pencil-drawing of the Greek god Apollo.

"It is not yet time for the Academy, my little man. Go home; make a better Apollo; this leg is not as it ought to be; and this eye is out of place; and come again in a month."

Next month the boy came again, smiling. He had improved. And again the next month; and the good sculptor

encouraged him. The lad worked with a good will, and became a great painter. His name was Mulready.

It is right to climb the hill. It is a happy thing to help a neighbour to climb; for then two feel joy instead of one; and two together breathe the sweet air, and look down upon the valley and the lake, and the blue river and the cottages.

Two? But, oh, if all the world could climb together up the hill of the Good Life!

Lesson XII

COURAGE

Hope, and its emblem, the star. Hope is a kind of courage. The meaning of courage. Courage to fight. Courage in exploring. Courage of the Sons and Daughters of Labour. The mother's courage.

In ancient times, before the compass was known, if a vessel were caught in a great storm, and the sky were black with clouds, the sailors and the passengers were in fear of losing the way to the harbour. Day after day, perhaps, neither the sun nor the moon threw a ray of light. The captain could not find his whereabouts. All was gloom and sadness. But at length, one night, the clouds divided, and a well-known star shone out; and then other stars appeared, and the captain had a guide to steer by. The star had brought to every heart a feeling of *Hope*. And so we often choose the star as a sign or *emblem* of hope. You remember how we sang together the other day:—

"Star of Hope, gleam on the billow,
Bid my dark forebodings flee;
Soothe my restless heaving pillow,
Far, far at sea."

Or let us suppose that you yourself are in the country, and the rain descends, and the heavens are darkened, and you are alone, and you have to face the tempest, and you have far to travel. And then, if the clouds retire, and the sun shines upon them as they go, what will you see? A rainbow, in an arch of colours across the sky. And now you will be glad, and pursue your road; and your unhappiness is changed to Hope. The people in the ship hope for the star; and you, out on the hills, hope for the rainbow. And when people hope, they press on, and persevere; for hope gives them COURAGE. So we may see that Hope is a kind of Courage.

Let us first look closely at the word COURAGE. Some of you, perhaps, learn French. If I take away the syllable *age*, what will remain? The syllable *cour*. Suppose, now, I write on the blackboard this syllable, with the addition of the letter E. Here we have the word *cœur*, and *cœur* means *heart*. You remember the famous English king who wielded the heavy battle-axe against the Saracens in the Holy Land. His very name made the people fear; and when a Saracen's horse started nervously, his rider would say: "What! dost thou think thou seest King Richard behind that bush?" This brave Richard was known as *Cœur-de-Lion*, or *Lion-heart*, for he had the heart or courage of a lion. You know the African mothers have a curious idea about the wonderful power of the lion's heart; and when the father has slain a lion in the chase he brings the heart of the fierce beast to the mother, and she cooks it, and gives some to her boys to eat. As they eat, she thinks the courage of the king of the desert enters into the breast of her sons.

What shall we say Courage is? We will say that COURAGE IS STRENGTH OF HEART. The man or woman who shows courage is *courageous*. And how do courageous people act? They fight; they face danger; they save the lives of

others—all this is true; but I wonder if any one kind of courage is as good as any other? Let us look at the various kinds of courage. Let us put them in classes, as boys and girls are placed in classes at schools.

1. I have here a picture to show you—a double picture. On the one side you see a group of soldiers in red coats; you admire their smart helmets, their white straps, their polished boots, their rifles, their upright position. They stand for the army. On the other side you notice a man in dark blue uniform. Six medals are fastened on his left breast. Gilded epaulettes dangle on his shoulders. Gold braid adorns his hat. He is an admiral. He stands for the navy. What is the business of these soldiers and this sailor? To fight; to defend their country; perhaps to attack other countries; to kill. Ah! to kill. I do not like to blame these brave fellows. They have their duty to do, and they do it. But to kill! To-day I will not stop to tell you all I think of that.

We will go on. What kind of courage do these men exhibit? The *courage to fight*. These are Englishmen. But do not other nations also show courage? How often people forget that! And how wrong it is to forget. We ought to respect the courage of other nations. You boys have learned the military salute. If I asked you to rise and salute all the brave men of the world, I should say: "Salute the Americans; salute the French; salute the Germans; salute the Italians; salute the Russians; salute the Arabs; salute the Japanese," and many more. Yes, and the brave men of olden times—the Greeks, the Romans. You know the names of some of the heroes? Leonidas, the King of Sparta, who held the mountain pass with but three hundred men against the Persians; or the Roman general Fabricius, who did not fear when a curtain was drawn aside suddenly, and, for the first time in his life, he beheld an elephant and its waving trunk! And have you not learned the story of the Defence of the Bridge? You remember how Horatius and his two companions stood upon the wooden bridge that crossed the Tiber, and that might lead the enemy into the city of Rome.

"The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose."

And after the laughter came the stern conflict, and the great Tuscan captains fell; and the bridge was sawn asunder, and two of the defenders flew back in time: and Horatius was left alone; and he plunged into the yellow Tiber, and swam to the River-gate—

"And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd."[1]

I think the days will come when nations shall keep peace, and war will be at an end. But Horatius had no thoughts of such a peace. It was his duty to fight for his dear city; and we will honour this noble Roman.

2. Now we will pass to another kind of courage. Lately you have heard of the Norwegian traveller, Nansen, and his attempt to reach the North Pole. What sort of courage has he shown? The courage to search, to go into unknown lands, to *explore*. You can perhaps tell me of Sir John Franklin. He sought for a passage—the North-west Passage—through the icebergs and ice-floes of the Arctic towards Asia. Once he tried; twice; and the third time he never returned. With two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, he sailed in May, 1845. During the next winter the vessels were gripped fast amid the ice-mountains; and the long night stayed for months; and the Northern lights flashed across the heavens. The next summer loosened the floes, and the ships proceeded. Again the winter came, and in June, 1847, Franklin died. At the base of his monument in

[1] Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Waterloo Place, London—do not pass that way without looking at it—you will see, worked in bronze, the scene of his burial; the fur-clad sailors stand around; the Union Jack lies across the coffin; and the ice-hills rise behind. And after that a hundred and six men left the vessels and journeyed southwards, weary and hunger-bitten, but always brave, until, one by one, they dropped and died in the great white plains of snow. Lady Franklin sent one expedition after another in search of her husband; and she would not rest until the facts of his death were known. On Franklin's empty tomb in Westminster Abbey a verse is carved, beginning—

"Not here! the white North has thy bones."

You could tell me of more, could you not? Of Columbus, of Vasco da Gama, of Magellan, of Drake, of Cook, of Livingstone. If we had their portraits hung round this room, we might salute them also, as we saluted the Americans, the French, and the rest. And there is something in Franklin's courage which makes one think more highly of it than of the courage of Horatius. Can you think of this better quality? Franklin had no human foes; his only enemy was the cruel winter; he shed no blood; his courage was innocent.

3. Once, when I told a boy of Franklin, I saw his eye sparkle, and a red spot came in his cheek. I knew what he thought. He said to himself: "How I should like to go out exploring like Franklin!" But come; let us examine a third class of courage. Look at the picture which I uncover before you. You are surprised; I perceive that you can scarcely make out its meaning. Follow my finger. Here you see the mouth of a great blast-furnace—in Durham, perhaps, or in Pennsylvania, or at Essen, in Prussia. A dazzling light blazes out; a million sparks fly; the red stream of molten iron rushes along the channel, and then, to the right and left, into lesser channels. On each side are the brave "puddlers"; their eyes eager, their feet apart, their hands grasping the long ladles which they dip into the stream; and carelessness, or an accident, might mean swift death! But at home, about the table, sit their little children, waiting for the mother to feed them; and the fathers must work for the bread of the family. These are the *Sons of Labour*, and their courage is the courage of *Labour*. Do not—let me ask you—do not ever laugh at the rough hands and the soiled clothes of the Sons of Labour. I would sooner see the Sons of Labour than see angels. But these puddlers are not all. There is a great army. You and I might stand, like kings and queens, and fancy we saw all the Sons of Labour march by—the miner with his pick, who has toiled many hours in the pit; the fisherman, who has tossed upon rough water all the night round about the sand-banks where the herrings crowd; the fireman who watched and waited for the sound of the alarm bell and the glare in the sky; the policeman—did you not, perhaps, wake one night and hear his footfall sound soft but firm on the snow?—and the loud-voiced costermonger, who goes sturdily up and down the street, or stands patiently at the corner in rain or shine, and the people pass and pass and pass. I cannot count all these courageous workmen. But I have forgotten one worker who works more than they all, with so little rest, with so much care, and so quietly all the time! Can you guess? The painter? No. The watchmaker? No. The printer? No. These are all good men, but—ah! to be sure; you have said right; it is the *Mother*. Look at your clothes; she planned them; your food, she prepared it; your limbs—they are straight and sound because, when you were babies, she folded you cautiously in her arms, she led you tenderly as you walked, she guarded you from dangerous places. She had courage. When you were tiresome, when you were stupid, when you were sick, she bore it all, and would not give up her task. For, you see, *hope* was in her heart too. She

expected that some day you would thank her. And to keep on like that year after year—that is real courage. I must add a new word to the name I used just now. We must admire the courage of the *Sons and Daughters of Labour.*

Lesson XIII

COURAGE—(*concluded*)

Courage in helping our fellow men. Courage for the sake of what we believe to be right. Good-work makes us braver. Encouraging our neighbour.

4. We have seen the courage of the *soldier* in fighting; the courage of the *traveller* in exploring; the courage of the *workman* in his daily labour. But think a moment of a *soldier*, sword or rifle in hand, charging up a hill held by the enemy. He may do that for the sake of his country; he may think that, as he strikes his blow, he is saving the little cottage, the orchard, the village, the folks at home. But he may fight for a reason not nearly so good, not nearly so noble. Can you think of such a reason? It may be only to win fame—people will repeat his name from mouth to mouth—or to win honours; he may be made an officer, a general; his statue may be erected in a park or a square. Or think of the *traveller*; he may pierce the depths of the forest, or journey among savages, or scale mountains, simply to find gold, or some other kind of riches, and not because he wishes to help the people he meets, or make one nation friendly with another. Or think of the sons and daughters of *labour*; they may, perhaps, seek after money in order to spend it in too much drinking at the ale-house, or in betting at horse-races, or in gaudy and vulgar dress.

I want to pass a step upwards. We will look at a higher kind of courage. Let me tell you of something that happened in 1896. You have heard of the slate quarries in North Wales. Your parents or teachers may have told you how some thousands of the quarrymen struck work in 1897 because they considered they were unjustly treated. Some people said they were brave men to strike; others blamed them. But what I have to relate is a quarryman's deed which all men will admire. Imagine a cliff, a precipice; and from its top a rope hangs. To this rope a man has fastened himself, hitching it round one leg, and holding it by one hand. With the free hand he grasps an axe, with which he loosens the slate. This is the courage of labour. Suddenly a piece of stone, weighing about one hundredweight, falls from above. It strikes the hand holding the rope! The hand is dreadfully injured; the workman's face turns white; his strength is failing; he is slipping. And below! —— If he falls, he will fall two hundred feet. But at this terrible moment Ellis Roberts sees his companion in peril. Ellis Roberts lowers himself down the rock at great risk. He seizes the loose end of the rope, twists it round the fainting workman, clutches it himself, and supports his friend. A crowd of quarrymen have hastened to the spot, and they slowly draw the rope upwards. The injured workman is taken to the surgeon, who is obliged to remove (amputate) three of his poor bruised fingers. But his life was saved. Some people delight to repeat the name of Alexander the Great, or Napoleon Bonaparte. For my part, I am pleased to utter the name of Ellis Roberts.

How shall we describe his courage?

Do you think he rescued his comrade for the sake of fame, or to gain riches? No; he did it for his neighbour's sake. His was *courage in helping a fellow man.*

Girls, the last story was chiefly for the boys, though I could see you were listening. The next is chiefly for you, though no doubt the boys will listen with attention. On a Swiss mountain there stood a cottage. All around it the snow was piled in dense masses. On a bed in one of its rooms a man lay in pain and weariness. He was an exile; he had fled from Italy; in Italy he was counted a traitor, and his life was threatened. His offence was this: he desired to make his country free from a bad government; he was a patriot; his name was Mazzini. Now, his friends in England heard that he was ill, and almost solitary; and one courageous lady resolved to go to his help, and nurse him back to health. To Switzerland she went, and then she found her way to the valley at the foot of the mountain; and then, with a guide, and with alpenstock in hand, she began the toilsome climb over deep snow and rough stones. Should she turn back? No. Should she rest? No; Mazzini needed help. When near the cottage, she sank exhausted. The guide carried her to the door. Mazzini was astonished to hear that an Englishwoman had come to his assistance. She soon recovered, and she faithfully nursed the brave Italian—a brave woman helped a brave man—until was well.

Now, you see Ellis Roberts rescued a fellow-workman; and the Englishwoman gave aid to a patriot whom she admired. Let me tell you next the story of the old monk. In the year 404 the great amphitheatre of Rome was crowded by people who were watching the gladiators fight—one band of wretched captives forced to attack another band for the amusement of the onlookers. Suddenly an old man, a monk, who was bare-footed and bare-headed, sprang into the open space (the arena), and called upon the gladiators to cease their strife. The people shouted: "Back! old man; on! gladiators." And the gladiators, encouraged by the crowd, smote the monk to the earth, and stones were flung at him till he died. Then they all looked upon his dead body, and a great sense of shame filled their hearts, and it is said that from henceforward no more battles of the gladiators took place in the arena at Rome. You see the monk displayed courage, not for some companion, not for a person whom he admired, but in order to save the lives of captives whom he had never before seen.

5. I have one more step to take, and I think it leads to the highest of all kinds of courage. The courage which I have described in these stories was exercised only for the sake of persons. Let us see if we can pass beyond persons. I will begin with a very simple case. Many years ago there lived in London a good man named Jonas Hanway. There is a picture of him, in which he is walking along a thoroughfare on a rainy day, and folks on each side of the road are stopping to smile at him, and point the mocking finger. Why do they laugh at Jonas Hanway? Because he carries an umbrella. He was the first Londoner to do such a thing, and he wished to persuade other people to follow his example. It was thirty years before he succeeded, and then umbrellas had come into common use. Certainly Hanway was a brave fellow, even though no one ever struck or injured him. He was brave in bearing ridicule—that is to say, mockery. Some men flinch more at people's laughter than at a threatened blow, or an uplifted weapon. Did Hanway show courage for the sake of any particular person? No. He did it for the sake of all the citizens; he did it for the general good; he did it for the common welfare; he showed courage *for the sake of what he believed to be right.* In the same spirit that great Englishman, Richard Cobden, persuaded the nation to take off the tax on corn. Many people spoke against him, but he

persevered in the good cause of making the people's bread cheaper. Another brave man was William Lloyd Garrison, who went on for years speaking and writing against slavery in the United States; and his life was even in danger through the anger of the slave-owners. These men displayed courage for the sake of what they believed to be right.

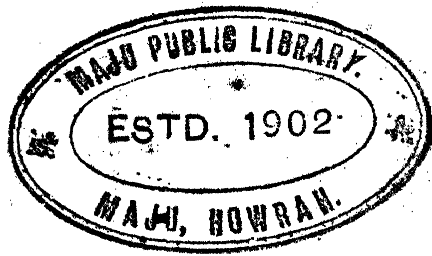
One night, a long time ago, several men were letting a basket out of a window. This window overlooked the open ground outside a city, for the house to which it belonged was built upon the city walls. In the basket a man sat crouching. When the basket, slowly lowered by a rope, had reached the earth, the man stepped out and fled in the darkness. His name was Paul. He had become a preacher of the new Christian religion. He taught that, instead of the old plan of keeping Sabbaths and fasting from meals, and other such customs, all the law consisted in carrying out the rule, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*. This was the cause he worked for; and for this teaching he drew upon himself the anger of many Jews. His life was in danger at this city of Damascus, and the governor was about to arrest him as a brawler, a troublesome person. After his escape in the basket, he wandered for more than twenty years in many lands. Five times the Jews seized him, and punished him with thirty-nine lashes. Three times he was beaten with Roman rods. Once he was stoned. Three times he suffered shipwreck, and on one occasion he was tossed upon the waves, holding on to a broken spar for twenty-four hours before he reached a place of safety. Several times he was nearly drowned in mountain streams; he was attacked by robbers and by enemies. Often he was hungry, often thirsty, often cold and ill-clad. When an old man he lay in prison. He may have died there, or may have been slain by a soldier's sword, at the order of the Emperor of Rome. This was how Paul proved his courage for the sake of that which he believed to be right.

Many hundreds of years after the death of Paul a man in Germany was travelling for twelve days in a covered waggon. He had many friends with him to keep him company and protect him. All along the road people swarmed out of houses and fields to see him, and cheer him, and encourage him; for he was going to meet an emperor, and princes, and many powerful nobles. Each evening he stopped at some friendly house, or at an inn; and at the supper table he would talk cheerfully, and merrily play the flute. But, though he could be merry with his flute, he was serious in his heart. This man was Martin Luther. He arrived at the city of Worms, and appeared before the great assembly (Diet); he stood alone among a crowd of brilliant captains and priests, and on the throne sat the emperor. A pile of books lay on the table. "Are those your books?" Luther was asked. "Yes," he said, "the books are mine." In these books he had written against the Pope of Rome and the Roman Catholic teaching. On the second day he made a long speech to the Diet, and explained his opinions about the Pope and about the Bible, and he finished by saying that he would not take back the words he had spoken. Yet he was but a simple monk in a brown robe, and they who took the other side were mighty and famous. This was how Martin Luther showed courage for what he believed to be right.

Just two things more I would like to say. Why is one boy, Harry, afraid to plunge into the river? Why is another boy, Walter, not afraid to enter the stream? Because Walter can swim, and Harry cannot. It is of no use for Harry to stand by the water and say to himself: "I must be brave; I will be brave." He must learn courage by learning to swim. He must be *able* to do things before he can act with courage. Now, you see, when you learn your

lessons at school, when you learn to row, or climb, or ride a bicycle, or do any other useful exercise, you are becoming more and more *able;* and in that way you are likely to become braver. So the boy or girl who wishes to be brave must be willing to work.

How selfish you think the child who puts his arm round his dish of strawberries, and warns off all his companions from interfering with his feast. He has good things, and will not share them. Is not courage a good thing? And can we share our courage? You think not? But if you, a strong boy, are crossing a narrow bridge, and the torrent rushes loudly below, and if your little brother trembles, what would you do? You would beckon him on; you would speak cheerfully and kindly; you would share your courage with him; through you he would become braver. You would *encourage* him. And so, if we take for our motto the words, "*Be of good courage,*" we will also remember our duty to *encourage* our neighbour.



Lesson XIV

SELF-RELIANCE

Reliance on crutches, cork belts, or the mother's hand. Self-reliance is trust in our own power. Self-reliance in waiting upon ourselves. Self-reliance in learning.

While I speak you can do two things—listen and look. I am showing you on the blackboard a picture-riddle. There are three pictures. The first is that of a cripple; he leans heavily and painfully upon his crutch. In the second you observe a lad swimming; how gaily he splashes through the water; he feels like Lord Byron swimming the Hellespont between Europe and Asia; but stay! you will notice that under his arms he has a ring of corks to keep his head up. Turn to the third picture; this bonny little boy is learning to walk; he clings to his guardian-angel; I mean that he clings to his mother. I am glad the cripple has a crutch to support him. I am glad the boy is in no peril of drowning. I am glad the child has a firm hand to clutch for safety. But, after all, I must shake my head. There is something amiss; there is something imperfect in all three cases. Can you read this riddle, and tell me what is wanting? The cripple, the swimmer, the tottering child, are all depending, not upon themselves, but upon some outside power—a crutch, a belt of corks, a mother's hand. We want this cripple to recover, and step out bravely without support. We want this lad to fling his corks away and cleave the water like a fish. We want this baby to find strength in his own feet, and go about the world by himself. We want them all to *rely upon themselves*, to show SELF-RELIANCE. That is the answer to the riddle. Now this is worth talking about. And, first, we will be our own dictionaries, and supply the meaning of this phrase "self-reliance." It is SELF-HELP; or, we may say: SELF-RELIANCE IS TRUST IN OUR OWN POWER.

We looked just now at a book of birds. One of you said: "How prettily this swallow feeds her young!" Also I saw a pretty picture this morning when a mother dressed her little boy—she put on his shoes and kissed him; and his jacket, and kissed him; and his muffler, and kissed him; and his cap with the red feather, and kissed him; and his gloves, and kissed him; and, last of all, she looked at him from top to toe, and said he was the loveliest little king on earth! But think; would you wish, or would you think it *natural*, that the young swallows should always be fed by the parent, or the boy always dressed by his mother? No; you wish the swallows to fly from the cradle-nest; they must flash like lightning across the river, and catch their own food among the insects that haunt the stream. And the boy? Some day, when he is about sixteen years of age, we may see him, portmanteau in hand, stand at the open door; and his mother's face is white, and she has just bidden him good-bye; but she does not mean to cry till he is gone. And his throat feels as if it would burst; but he will not cry till he reaches the train, and perhaps sits in a carriage by himself. He must pass out into the world and earn his livelihood; and it is right that he should. This is the brave mother, and the *self-reliant* son.

We will look at different kinds of self-reliance.

1. *Self-reliance in waiting upon ourselves.*

You remember the famous story of the man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an island off South America—cold, wet, hungry, solitary, without tools or weapons. Yes, it was Robinson Crusoe. Before he left his island he had made himself a comfortable home, and was surrounded by furniture, stores, and pet animals. All his comfort was due to the work of his own hands—first a raft, then a hut, then a wall of defence, a chair, a table, a lamp, a lathe, a cornfield, a set of pottery, a sailing-boat, and, last, a faithful Friday trained to obedience and love.

If you had been shipwrecked, would you have been as self-reliant as Crusoe, and made as cosy a house, and taught the parrot to speak as well as he did? Perhaps you would. But, if you please, little Robinson Crusoe, I want you to begin self-reliance at home, before you go to sea to be shipwrecked. You do not quite know what I mean? Let me tell you of my young friend Herbert. He loved to have everything done for him—other people had to fold his nightdress, put his slippers away, hang his coat up, replace his books and paint-box. One morning, just before breakfast, he sang at the top of his voice:—

> "Rule Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
> Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

"Do you think, Herbert," said his mother, "that Britons never should be slaves?"

"Yes, mother."

"Am I a Briton?"

"Yes, mother."

"Ought I to be a slave?"

"No," cried Herbert; and he looked fierce, as if ready to defy the buccaneers or pirates who should dare to carry off his mother into slavery.

"Then, Herbert, why do you make a slave of me? Every morning I have to fold your nightdress, put away your slippers——"

Herbert's face had lost its soldierly air. But henceforth he was less indolent, and more self-reliant.

As much as we can, let us brush our own coats, untie our own knots, open our own doors, find our own road, and earn our own living. But always, if a friend offers to help you, and you see it would hurt his feelings if you refused, let him run with your message, or fetch your book, or go and inquire about your train. You will let him do this, not because you are lazy, but because you like to show yourself grateful for his kindness.

2. *Self-reliance in learning.*

I knew a boy who was learning to read, and when he came to a strange word he would stop to think; and if he saw the teacher about to help him, he would cry out eagerly, "Don't tell me." For he was a boy of fine mettle, and liked to puzzle things out for himself.

In olden times a young Greek named Cleanthes (*Cle-an'-thes*) used to appear in the public games as a boxer. He relied on his own fists, and gained the applause of the crowd by the smart way in which he knocked his rivals down. A new yearning came into his heart. How he would like to go to Athens, and learn the wise lessons, the philosophy, of the old teacher Zeno! The honest youth trudged to the city of Athens, a patched coat upon his back, and but three *drachmas* (sixpences) in his pocket. Every day he presented himself at the door of Zeno's school, paid the small coin which was asked as fee, and took his seat eagerly among the pupils. None listened to the old philosopher with such interest as Cleanthes. The other scholars eyed him jealously. How could the hungry-looking youth with the shabby coat spare money to pay the fees? They murmured that he was a thief. A cry of accusation arose, and Cleanthes was led before the judges.

"Gentlemen," said Cleanthes, "I am accused of having obtained money by wrong means. Permit me to send for two witnesses on my behalf."

The first witness was a gardener. He

declared that at early morn Cleanthes helped him draw water for use in his garden, and for this service a small wage was paid. The second witness was a widow. Her husband's strong hand was no longer able to grind her corn in the hand-mill, and she was much pressed with the care of her children, and Cleanthes crushed her meal, receiving payment in return. Out of these scanty earnings Cleanthes saved the admission money to Zeno's lectures.

The judges looked with respect on the self-reliant young learner, and then, after whispering, they offered him a gift of money.

"No," said the teacher Zeno, "let him persevere without gifts."

Neither did Cleanthes desire this help. His own brave right hand would work and earn.

Cleanthes was a Greek in ancient days. Let me tell you of a brave little German of our modern time. He loved music with all his soul, and was always happy in learning and practising new pieces. All his friends wondered. His brother alone looked sullen, because he was envious. Little Sebastian particularly wished to study a book of music belonging to his envious brother, but the book was jealously locked up in a cupboard with a latticed door. Sebastian used to rise from bed at night, twist and pull the book through the openings of the lattice, and, by the dim light of a candle, copy and copy and copy till his fingers and eyes ached. In six weeks he had completed the copy, and had a book of his own to play from. This self-reliant little man—then but ten years old—grew up to be a famous musician—Sebastian Bach.

Now, which shall it be? Would you rather do your own work, or have an officer to stand over you—your father, mother, or teacher—to bid you do your task? But stay! I have thought of a strict officer, one whom you respect, whom you will obey, even though you are self-reliant. The stern officer will rouse you from bed in the cold morning, and see that you dress neatly, and send you to school in good time, and make you follow your lessons with steady eye, steady hand, steady brain. Who is this officer?

It is *Yourself*.

A famous officer that—*Captain Self!*

Lesson XV

SELF-RELIANCE—(*concluded*)

Self-reliance in setting to work. Self-reliance in amusement. A wonderful chain, in which people are the links.

3. *Self-reliance in setting to work.*

The sun shone upon a broad field of wheat. Thick and heavy hung the ears on the bending stalks. When the soft breeze of autumn came from the sea the corn rustled and seemed to whisper: "Reap me, reaper, reap me!" The farmer strolled down from the white farmhouse to the field and said to his son: "I think this corn is ripe enough. My son, I wish you to call round upon our friends and neighbours early tomorrow morning and invite them to come and help us reap it." Ah, terror of terrors! near the farmer's foot, though unseen by him, lay a tiny home which the reaping of the corn would for ever destroy. It was a lark's nest, and several little larks trembled for fear when they thought of the reapers who would come with heavy tread and bright-flashing sickles and bring ruin to the nest. They chirped the news to their mother on her return from a journey. She took it very cheerfully. "My pets," she said, "if

the owner of the field depends upon friends and neighbours, I am pretty sure the corn will not be cut to-morrow." Nor was it. The sun came, and the breeze came, and the farmer and his son came, but no friends and neighbours. "This is very disappointing," complained the farmer; "and I think, my son, you had better go to your uncles and cousins and beg them to attend here to-morrow at sunrise, each with his reaping-hook." The little larks heard, and they reported again to their mother, and again she listened with a gay heart. The sun came again, and the breeze came, and the farmer and his son came, but no uncles and cousins. "My son," cried the father, "we must try a new plan. Get ready a couple of good sickles, and we will reap the wheat *ourselves*." When the mother-lark heard of the farmer's new plan, she spoke in a serious tone: "My children, we must escape across the hedge at once. Our dwelling is doomed. The corn will certainly be cut, for this man is going to rely upon his own right hand." And when the farmer's sickle laid the wheat stalks low, the sun looked down upon an empty lark's nest. Captain Self was an excellent reaper.

On March 15th, 1898, a great inventor died in London—Sir Henry Bessemer. Years ago, when the melted iron flowed out of the furnace, the puddlers would stand, half-naked, and stir the liquid metal with the end of long rods until lumps of seventy or eighty pounds in weight were formed. In this way the air reached all parts of the iron, and burned out the carbon, and the iron was transformed into steel for the making of knives or chains or ships. Bessemer thought of a better method. He would bring the air to the iron before it left the furnace; he would drive through the molten metal an upward blast of air, which would swiftly and surely remove the carbon. Bessemer read a paper about it to a meeting of scientific men. "Yes," they said, "this is good." He explained it to steel-makers. "Yes," they said, "this is good"; and they melted iron and sent the air roaring through, but they failed to produce steel. Then they shrugged their shoulders and said: "This idea is bad." So Bessemer judged that it would be better to call in Captain Self to reap the field. He bought land at Sheffield; he built iron-works; he was ready to make steel for all the world; and in a short time all the world said: "Bessemer can make steel better and cheaper than anybody else."

Reaping the yellow corn, fashioning the splendid steel—neither of these things is my young friend William asked to do. Yesterday he was set to sweep the snow from the garden-path, and then to add several long columns of figures in his father's office. Just for a moment he wished he could shout like the chieftains in the castles of the story-books, "What ho! guards without!" and the obliging guards would appear and sweep the snow and add the figures. But the next moment he whistled to Captain Self, and the work was done with a smile.

4. *Self-reliance in amusement.*

"Ah," you say, "but this is quite enough of work; it is time to play."

Very good; let the gong sound, or the bell ring; work shall cease. But does self-reliance cease?

I know a brother and a sister. Their names are ——. No! I shall give them names which shall conceal them. The girl shall be Rachel; the boy shall be Jasper. When Rachel has finished her school-work and her house-work she drops into a chair, and looks about her, and she sighs a sigh that brings her mother in from the next room. I must try and picture this sigh on the black board, thus:—

sigh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!

"What is the matter, Rachel?"

"I don't know what to do!"

Meanwhile little Jasper's tasks are done, and the clock points to play-hour. He fetches out his bricks, and piles up glorious towers such as the fairies build in Wonderland. Then he finds his paint-box and begs for an old engraving, and he paints the people red (faces and all),

and the trees blue, and the houses yellow, and he shows it to his mother, and she pins it up over the mantel-piece and declares that it is as good as the paintings in the National Gallery. And then he borrows scissors and cardboard and cuts furniture—tables, chairs, couches, kitcheners; and an engine that will take you to the seaside, and a balloon that will float you to the moon—and he only sighs when somebody whispers the word, "Bed-time."

When Jasper reaches manhood, and each day's work is performed, he will know how to turn to his carving, his microscope, his chess-board, his music, and a hundred other things that will make the hours go happily. He will know how to use his leisure.

Self, self, self, self. How often I have used the word! And must SELF-RELIANT people always be thinking only about themselves?

I have something in this box which I wish you to see. It is a steel chain. Its hundred glittering links clasp one another in strong union. Giant Goliath might wrench at it and not break it. When he pulls each link cries, "I will resist." Each one says, "I will do my part in the work of the chain." None will expect his fellow to do all the pulling. And Goliath shall go away with flushed brow and short breath and wounded palms; and the chain shall be unbroken. For you helped, and I helped. You? I? Yes; we are all links in the chain. We are all self-reliant links in the chain. The self-reliant captain steers his vessel to far Ceylon, and brings back a cargo of tea which cheers a million self-reliant people in their daily labours. They depend upon him for tea; he depends upon them for custom. The self-reliant builder builds a farmhouse, and depends upon the farmer for corn. The self-reliant farmer ploughs his fields, and depends upon the tiler for a kindly roof to ward off the tempest. And when I look out on the world and see the soldiers pass, and the weavers crowd to the factory, and the merchants travel to their offices, and the shepherds tending the flocks, and the woodcutters felling the trees, and the miners preparing to descend the gloomy shaft, I see a wondrous chain, and all the people are the links; and at least two links must be strong—you and I.

Why should a link be SELF-RELIANT?

1. Because it gains strength, and shows its strength, and proves its strength. Everybody likes to be strong. But how am I to know how strong you are except by the weight you lift yourself, the problem in arithmetic which you solve yourself, the perseverance with which you yourself climb the hill?

2. Because it secures more pleasure than if it were helped. You were pleased when you first learned to feed yourself, to fasten your own buttons, to rule your own lines, to find your own way to the school, to ride your own bicycle, or, perhaps to row your own boat. You will be ashamed to let other people's hands earn your living.

3. Because its reward is more sure. If you expect your uncle or cousin or neighbour to assist you, your uncle may fall sick, your cousin may conceive ill will against you, your neighbour may to the South Seas! If you depend up a sixpence with a hole in it, or a lucky stone—but there! you smile; you are aware of the folly of such beliefs.

4. Because it will lessen the burden of the world. What is the burden? All the links that have become helpless, or never learned to help themselves—the sick, the blind, the dumb, the ill-taught, and the rest. Your hands are for yourself, and for them.

Lesson XVI

PRUDENCE

The little hamster's providence, or prudence. Prudence is foresight and forethought. Prudence in the care of health, personal and public. Prudence in guarding against want and danger.

IMAGINE that you and I could become as small as Oberon, king of the fairies. Let us journey to the fields of Russia or Germany, and pause at this bank, covered with grass and shaded by bushes. We observe a small hole, almost hidden by leaves. We will enter, and creep down the damp, earthy tunnel. After travelling three or four feet, we find ourselves in a chamber, or burrow, lined with straw. With this chamber several rooms are connected. We peep into one after the other. In one we discover a heap of grains of wheat, all cleared from their husks or skins; in another we find seeds of rye; and elsewhere we come upon piles of peas, beans, flax-seed, etc. Hush! here comes the master of the establishment. It resembles a rat. Its coat is reddish-grey above and brown below, and scattered over with white and yellow spots. Inside his cheeks he has large bags or pouches, and out of these he drops into his store-rooms a fresh supply of peas and other seeds, which he has stolen from the fields of the hard-working peasants. If we could wait here till the autumn, we should see the hamster (for so the little animal is named) close up the tunnel, and quietly take his ease, feeding from day to day upon the provisions which he has laid up, and sleeping when the keen frost chills the air of his underground dwelling. We will escape before he closes his entrance, and take again our human shape.

Just now I said the hamster fed upon his *provisions*—that is, his peas and beans. I cannot quite understand what goes on in the little hamster's mind; but he seems to act as if he knows winter is coming. He sees beforehand the white snow and the glittering frost, and the bare woods and fields, and the icy season when he will no longer be able to fill his pouch with seeds from fields and gardens. Suppose he could talk Latin and English, he would say to himself: "*Pro*, before; *video*, I see; I see before me; and I will *provide* linseed, wheat-seed, and the rest; these are my *provisions;* and the wisdom which enables my pair of sharp eyes to look so far ahead is my *providence*—or, to say it a little shorter, my *prudence*. In other words, if you please, I am a *prudent* young hamster."

So Professor Hamster, of the Underground College, has taught us the meaning of the word Prudence, and we will set it down thus: PRUDENCE IS FORESIGHT AND FORETHOUGHT. In what ways, then, shall we show our foresight and forethought?

1. *Prudence in the care of health.*

I heard a mother say, the other day: "Do not eat too fast." She saw a little boy, and a plate of dinner being rapidly emptied; and beyond that she saw, in her mind's eye, a bed with a little boy in it, and a table beside it, ornamented with a medicine-bottle, and a doctor coming in at the door, asking: "Well, and is Tommy's digestion any better today?" Not, indeed, that fast eating is sure to be at once followed by sickness. But every time the stomach is worked too hard it is weakened, and so its

strength wears out the sooner. When the housewife suspects that the water is not pure she boils it, in order to destroy the unseen germs of disease; for, in the water that you think shines so clear in the crystal cup, she sees the beginning of typhoid fever. When you went to the assembly the other evening, you were annoyed because your mother insisted that you should take a warm wrap with you. You said the air was warm, and you would not need an extra covering. But, when you came out of the bright saloon, you found the atmosphere had changed. Before you had time to shiver at the attack of the cold air, your mother had protected you by throwing the wrap about your shoulders; and the enemy, bronchitis, passed you by. You were reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* yesterday in the twilight, and the print was small. "Do not try your eyes," said father, and you sadly put down the book just at the point when Eliza was crossing the ice with the child in her arms. Very disappointing, was it not? But, then, Prudence remembers that the straining of the eyes will lessen their power; and, while glasses are a great boon, we need not be in a hurry to wear them.

So you will be careful in your eating, your drinking, your clothing, your reading, and so forth. But we have only mentioned one reason why—namely, that you may keep your health and strength. There is another reason. You should do all this for the sake of other people also. If you fall ill, the people about you will suffer. One will nurse you through night and day; another must run at midnight for the doctor; a third may have to stay at home from business to assist; a fourth may be obliged to give up a holiday on the breezy hills or by the joyous sea; a fifth—well, let us stop at four; it is quite enough for you to worry and distress four of your friends. So you should be prudent for the sake of your *family*. But there are other people beyond the house you live in—the men and women who pass up and down the street and fill the crowded houses of the city; all these are the *public*. Our carelessness may hurt people far outside our home-circle. Have you not sometimes noticed the traffic stopped in the road, and little mountains of gravel and clay thrown up, and in the grimy cutting, deep down, strong men ply the pick-axe and spade? and all because the persons in some household have carelessly choked the public drain, and a hundred neighbours are put to inconvenience and run the risk of disease. Do you not recollect how I lately said we were all links in a chain? What I do touches you, and what you do touches a man or woman whom perhaps you never saw or heard of. That is why we all should care for the public health. One day a party of gentlemen assembled in London in order to visit one of the Queen's Ministers. They had come from all the more important towns in the north, south, east, and west of England, in order to ask the Government to guard against a danger to the people's food. They said that oysters and other shellfish were often dredged up from the sea-coasts and from the mouths of rivers, where the mud they lay in was foul and poisonous. And they asked, Ought not fishermen to be forbidden to sell shellfish taken from places that might breed sickness and death? This, you see, was prudence for the sake of the public health.

2. *Prudence in guarding against want and danger.*

Some years ago a space of land was cleared of forest-trees near several Indian villages on the banks of the River St. Lawrence. Now, if each family had planted potatoes and maize-seed on half-an-acre of ground, they would have had enough to support them for six months in each year. But that would have meant forethought and waiting, and the Indians were not strong enough to think and wait; for prudent people are stronger than the impatient people. You say the Indians were idle? Not at all. They waded into the rivers to catch the nimble

salmon that leaped among the rapids. They rose at early morn to visit the forest, and roamed mile after mile amid the tall dark pine-trees in search of game to kill and carry home. They wanted a reward which they could grasp at once. And when they failed in hunting, as they often did, their families had to suffer want.

The loaf that your mother places upon the white table-cloth each morning tells of forethought. In a hundred lands the sower goes forth to sow in the autumn or the spring, and upon the black and brown earth the Sons of Labour cast the seed; and in the next August or September the corn will stand thick, and millions of sickles will cut down the laden ears, or reaping-machines will lay the golden straw low upon the ground. In the bleak winter men think of the harvest that will not come for many months.

> "Fall gently and still, good corn,
> Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
> And stand so yellow some morn,
> For beast and man must be fed."
> —*Carlyle.*

The young man thinks beforehand, and saves money to give him an arm-chair and comfort in his old age. Working men walk into the little room where the treasurer of their trade union sits, and they lay on the table their copper and their silver, so that a fund may be stored up to sustain them in sickness, or build asylums for the aged toilers. And, even for holidays, wise people will take forethought. Thousands of weavers in Lancashire pay small sums week after week into their clubs; and in the summer they draw out their savings, and gaily take the train to the woodland or the sands of the sea.

Prudence seems to look through a telescope, and things that are far off then seem near and distinct. You have all heard of the great Englishman, George Stephenson. Once, when travelling in France, he passed over a suspension bridge, which swung on its steel chains high over the River Dordogne. He was an engineer, and he always noticed the state of the bridges which he crossed. He crossed the bridge again. He felt certain there was a weakness in the structure, and he wrote to the leading people, who had the oversight of the bridge, and warned them that it needed repair. They did nothing. A few years afterwards a troop of soldiers marched over the suspension-bridge; the chains broke, the men were hurled into the river below, and many lives were lost. George Stephenson had foreseen such a danger, but he was not heeded.

George Stephenson was a strong, brave man. If you are prudent as he was, you will not think it brave to spring into a train when it is moving. You will show your strength by holding yourself back and saying: "I will wait for the next." You will not—as many boys do—carry a revolver about for fun, and flourish it, and pretend to take aim with it, and fidget with it until it finally goes off by accident, and a companion —perhaps a sister—is laid dead at your feet, and you cry, with bitter tears, that you did not know it was loaded. If you have a friend who understands a revolver, you may learn of him how it works, so that, if ever you should be called upon to carry one, you may know how to handle it and avoid injuring yourself or others. For the same reason you will learn swimming before you are twenty years old, for you will learn more easily now than later. When the moment of danger comes, and you fall into sea or river, you will be self-reliant, and strike for the shore, or keep yourself afloat till aid arrives. Or, it may be, that not you yourself, but a friend, or even a stranger, struggles against death in the water. You may plunge in, and you may save a precious life.

Yet remember that it is better to foresee a peril and prevent it than to rescue a man from it when it falls upon him. Which do you think is the greater work—the work of the life-boat or the work of the lighthouse?

I think the work of the lighthouse. But the rowers in the lifeboat are brave? Yes, indeed; let us give them honour. And they face a deadlier risk than do the keepers of the lighthouse? Indeed they do. Then how can the work of the lighthouse be greater? This is why: the lifeboat saves from danger, but the lighthouse prevents it. The lifeboat rushes across the surf and hastens to deliver fainting souls from the wreck. But the lighthouse shines across the dark tumbling waters like a noble star, and says: "Pass on in safety, sons of the sea; your wives and children are waiting to greet you. Pass on, ships of the sea; to-night there shall be no wreck."

Lesson XVII

PRUDENCE—(*concluded*)

Prudence in speech. Prudence in choosing companions. Prudence in building up our habits. Prudent people are a kind of statesmen and stateswomen.

3. *Prudence in Speech.*

The words we speak are like arrows shot from a bow. Would a wise archer shut his eyes and bend his bow, and let his shafts fly at random, not caring what they struck or whom they struck? Wise people will be prudent in the use of words.

If you meet a staggering drunkard, I think it will be wise for you not to talk to him. Perhaps you believe that, if you took him kindly by the hand and begged him to behave soberly, you would do him good. But this man's brain is inflamed, and his mind is confused and bewildered. Your words do not fall upon his ear with a clear, true meaning. He might misunderstand you, and do you harm. So pass him by in silence. It is not your place to teach him, and it is not your place to reproach him.

There is a man who is like the drunkard. Just as a man's blood may be heated by alcohol, so a man's blood may be heated by anger. Say to him as little as possible. And if you must needs speak, let your voice be gentle. He utters harsh, noisy sounds, and he expects harsh, noisy sounds in return. When, therefore, your tones are quiet and peaceable, he is surprised; he hesitates; he is like a man beating the air, and feels nothing hard for his fist to encounter; and his passion begins to lessen. "A soft answer turns away wrath."

"How miserable it must be to walk with crutches!" Is that what you think? Very well. But would you consider it right to say it in the presence of a companion who was lame? His pale face might flush; his eyes become dimmed with tears. Your arrows would have struck his little heart. Neither should you chatter about your Christmas presents, or your delightful purchases at the toy shop, before a young friend whose parents are poor, and whose heart would ache at the thought that he was shut ou[t] from all these pleasures. Perhaps, indeed, after showing yourself to be wise by your silence, you might say in your heart: "I am sorry I should need to hold my tongue about my gifts and possessions lest my friend's feelings should be hurt. But the trouble can soon be mended if, with my parents' permission, I share some of my treasures with him." Then you will both speak freely, and there will be music in your laughter.

One other point I will mention, and that is tale-telling. Would you like me to write on the blackboard in two columns (1) "Things I ought to tell"; (2) "Things I ought not to tell"? I am

afraid I cannot do this. I can only just refer to one kind of offence which is not worth telling about. For example, a scholar making a grimace behind the teacher's back. As the scholar has already punished himself by making his face look stupid and ugly, there is no need for you to utter a word. On the other hand, if you see a small child bullied, or if you see wilful injury done to books, windows, gardens, fire-alarms, articles in museums, etc., you will usually do right in reporting what you have witnessed. But there is a still better way of acting. It would be better for you to go up to the person who is doing the mischief, or is going to do it, and warn him against the wrong deed. But you must judge for yourself when to speak and what to say. If I could tell you everything in which you should be careful, the prudence would be mine, and not yours.

4. *In choosing companions.*

You would consider it very hard if all your companions were chosen for you. If, for instance, I were to say to you: "Here is John A., and here is Mary B. and Wilfrid C. and Rosina D., and you must only associate with these" —you would ask: "May I not choose for myself?" Very well: but how will you choose? Do you know what the word *companion* means? The centre of the word is *pan*, and it stands for the Latin *panis*, or "bread"; and as *com* means "together," the word signifies "one who eats bread with another." What sort of persons would you wish to eat bread with—that is to say, not to sit at grand banquets with, but to meet at your home, and to talk with pleasantly and kindly across the table?

You have heard of the two pots in the river? An earthen pot and a brass pot, which stood upon the bank of a river, were both carried away by the swirling flood, and they were tossed hither and thither upon the wide waters. The earthen pot trembled lest he should be shattered by a blow from the brass pot. Polished and glittering, the brazen pot smiled, and said, as he bobbed a polite bow: "My dear sir, pray do not be uneasy; I will take care of you." "Oh, sir," replied the prudent earthen pot, "I am much obliged to you; but pray keep as far off as you can. I do not tremble for fear of the stream; but I dread to come too close to you, for it would end in my ruin and death."

Who are these brass pots? There is the rude pot, who blurts out the thoughtless word to one who is poorer or less showy than himself; the untruthful pot, who tells a falsehood to his mother, and turns to you with a laugh, as if expecting you to say, "Well done"; there is the unkind pot, who ill-uses younger children, plays tricks with a blind man, or acts the tyrant over a dog or cat or worm. These are not companions to eat bread with, or walk with, or make friends with.

5. *In building up our habits.*

Think of the habit of walking. You know—even though you do not recollect it—there was a time when you could not walk. Like a lizard or a tortoise, you crawled on all fours. Little by little you learned the use of your feet, until you could step easily and without taking any thought about it; and now, upright and gay, you can walk the earth like kings and queens! Other habits are habits of cleanliness, of saying "Please" and "Thank you," of reading, of writing, and so on. Now, in olden times when a Jewish father wished his child to learn lessons, he would say: "Bind them continually upon thine heart; tie them about thy neck"—so that the good habit would become fastened and rivetted.

Bad habits, also, may be tied about our neck. Ernest is asked to go on an errand, and he dawdles; and the next time he dawdles again; and again he dawdles and dawdles; and when he is a man people say: "What a dawdler that man is! It is of no use to ask him to do anything that needs prompt doing." Grace talks loudly, even when the room is quiet and she stands quite near you, and you say: "Hush! I am not deaf!"

But she does it again, and again and again, until, when she is a woman, her friends say: "How disagreeably Mrs. M. shouts!" Lily neglects to put her workbox in its place, and she whispers to herself that this once will not matter; and then she leaves a button-hook on a table; a cape is hung over a chair; slippers are flung upon a couch; and the habit of untidiness grows, and, when she becomes Mrs. Q., her house is never in order, and the neighbours say: "Mrs. Q.'s parlour is like an old curiosity shop."

You think that the battles of Napoleon were important things in the world; and you think that Queen Elizabeth's address to the English soldiers at Tilbury Fort, when the Spanish Armada was coming, was an important thing. The little things you do to-day are also important. They will make you into a man or woman. They will make you into a strong, free man, or a man in a cage. John Bunyan, in his story of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, tells how he saw a man in an iron cage. The man seemed very sad; he sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and he sighed as if he would break his heart. He had built the cage himself; he had placed himself in prison. Little by little he had fallen into bad habits, and at last could not break them, and he was obliged to say: "I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in this iron cage; I cannot get out; oh, now I cannot."

It is a glad thing to be a boy or a girl. You have not had time yet to build your own iron cage. But you are beginning to build. You are building in school, in the playing-field, at home, in the street. You did a copy neatly; that was a good brick. You amused a sick friend; that was a well-chiselled stone. You answered a question earnestly and truthfully; that was a strong beam. You are learning to love pictures and stories of great Greeks and Romans and Englishmen and Frenchmen; that is a beautiful window that lets in the light. And so each of us may ask himself: "Shall I build a cage for myself, or shall I build a palace?"

One of the most prudent men who ever lived was Benjamin Franklin, one of the founders of the United States. He began to learn prudence when he was a small boy. On his sixth birthday his brothers and sisters gave him some halfpence, and he ran towards the toy-shop to lay out his money. On his way he met a boy who was playing a whistle. Pleased with the sound of the whistle, little Benjamin exchanged his whole pocketful of money for the toy, which was only a cheap article, and had not even a sweet note. He ran home, and tormented all the family with the noise he made. "Where did you get that whistle?" they asked, and he explained. They laughed, and said he had given ten times too much for it, and they named the various toys which he might have purchased—the jack-in-the-box, the horse-and-cart, the marbles, and all the rest. He was vexed, and cried; but he remembered the lesson. In after years, when he saw a man foolishly giving away his money or his time for what was of no real value, Franklin used to say to himself: "Do not give too much for the whistle."

And Franklin was a noble statesman, and when he died in April, 1790, all the world gave him praise and honour. You see a statesman is one who rules a country, or helps to rule it, prudently and wisely. So prudent people are a kind of statesmen. If you are prudent, you, too, are little statesmen. And now I think it is time to close our talk. Good morning, statesmen! Good morning, stateswomen!

Lesson XVIII

ORDER.

The strong foundation and the weak foundation (or basis). Order is our basis. Order gives us life, health, and comfort. Order is the rule of the sun; and order is the rule of the child.

"This will be a good place," said John. "The ground is flat; the sand is easy to dig; the river runs close by, so that I can easily fetch water or catch fish."

On the sandy ground near the river John began to build his house. Now and then he looked up and smiled at his friend Thomas, whom he could see on the other side of the river. Thomas had chosen a spot on the steep bank, fifty or sixty feet above the water. On a ledge of rock he had marked out a piece of ground on which to build his house.

Yes, John smiled. He had put up his four walls, and was ready to make the roof, and Thomas was still preparing the *foundations*. John soon finished his pretty cottage, and he had laid out a garden, and would sit at ease beside the rippling stream, and look lazily up at the giant mountains, and then towards slow Thomas, and again he would smile.

At length Thomas's labour came to an end. His cottage was neat and cheerful, and at night you could see the light in the window shining from the top of the cliff.

The rainy season came on. Large ragged clouds hung over the hills, and torrents of rain fell, and little streams of water splashed down the slopes, and made the river swell and swell and swell; and the river became brown and noisy, and it roared over the boulders, and flung down trees and swept them along the valley, and—John's house was carried away, walls and all, and roof and all, and garden and all.

Thomas sat in his cottage, listening to the rushing of the wind and the rattle of the hailstones. His house stood firm. It had a strong foundation; it had a strong *basis*. John's house rested on sand, and sand is weak and unsteady; it is worthless for a basis. Houses need a strong basis; and so do you.

Yes, I mean *you*.

A number of boys and girls used to meet in a club. In this club they read books and sang; they played games; they marched and drilled to the sound of the piano, and sometimes they held quiet meetings, when a visitor would hold a cheerful talk with them, or tell them an interesting story. At such meetings they would begin with silence, so that you could hear a pin drop. Then the Conductor of the club would say:—

"Let us repeat our motto."

They all stood, and said together:

"*Order is our basis;* improvement our aim; and friendship our principle."

Outside, in the noisy street, rough men might pass, and say rude and evil words. A drunkard might stagger by the door. Lads would perhaps come together in a crowd to watch two boys fighting. But in the club-room there was peace, for *order was the basis*. The club was built on the rock of order, on the firm basis of order. Now I would like to talk to you about order.

What is ORDER?

"Oh, it is sitting very still when the teacher is speaking."

Well, to be sure, that is order. But are only boys and girls to keep order?

And only in school? Let me take you a journey while we talk. I want you to go with me to Egypt, that famous African land through which the river Nile flows, the land where the huge pyramids point upwards to the sky, and where the Sphinx, with woman's head and lion's paws, looks out across the desert. The people of Egypt were a nation that could build, and plough, and weave, and write, long before there were any such nations as the French, Germans, or English. We will go back to that early age, among those old Egyptians. These people used to build noble temples, and the way to the temple would lie along a path with tall pillars on each side, and in the temple one could see a room that was thought to be very holy, for it was looked upon as the chamber of the sun-god. I will draw a few lines to show you the path, or avenue, and the holy chamber at the end:—

West. H.C.

Once a year, and only once a year, on June 20th (the longest day of the year), the sun shone along the avenue and into the holy chamber (H. C.). It did this as it set in the west. And the priests who saw the light shine into the holy chamber of the temple would go out and say to the people:

"The Nile is going to rise."

Every year the river Nile rises and overflows its banks in June, for in June it is swollen by the mountain-rains. And thus every year the river waters the fields, and the people can sow seed and grow crops of corn, and thus win the food that *gives them life*.

The priests had watched the sun. They knew it rose and set in a different place each day. Day by day it seemed to move further, until on the 20th June it peeped through the temple door. Then they said to one another: "The year has passed; the sun has come round again; he has kept his time; and now the river will rise and flood the banks, and men and women will have food. Let us go and tell the people, and make them glad."

So you see the sun keeps his time and *order*. Year after year his way is the same, and spring comes, and summer, and autumn, and winter, always in the same order. Thus also the moon keeps its time; and the stars move (or seem to move, as the earth rolls on its course) sure and steadfast. And so we may say:

"Order is heaven's first law."

In the broad sky there is order, and this order gives us our seed-time and harvest, and the corn-harvest gives us life. Order gives us *life*. Order is our basis.

If you press your hand upon your right side, it will cover the place of the liver. Have you ever heard people say "My liver is out of order"? What puts it into *dis*-order? Below the liver is a small bag, known as the gall-bladder, or bile-bladder. From the liver a liquid called bile passes into the bag, and from the bag it oozes, in drops, into the pipe or tube below the stomach. The gall or bile mixes with the food, and helps to digest it. So long as the bile flows in steady drops, all is well. But sometimes it scarcely flows at all; and then the person feels ill, and he says, "My liver is out of order." Besides the liver, you know that the body contains other organs—the stomach to receive the food, the heart to drive the blood, the lungs to take in the air, and so on. Each organ has its work to do. So long as it does its work, the body is in order, and we feel well. And so order gives us *health*.

Perhaps you have sometimes thought it a troublesome thing when the teacher asked the boys and girls in the class to keep order.

"Oh, how tiresome!" you have said.

But, all the time, it was not you alone that had to keep order; it was the duty also of the sun, and the moon; and if the parts of your own body had not done their orderly work, you would be lying pale and faint on the bed, and

your mother sitting anxiously by your side. Without order we should enjoy neither *life* nor *health*.

Suppose that, just for once, the teacher were to say:

"This morning we will have a change; we will have a gay time; we will not be dull and quiet, but will all romp and do as we please."

Then the children would raise a loud cheer, and some would throw the chairs and desks down, and some would haul down the maps and carry them about like flags, and some would spill the ink and make a black river on the floor, and some tear up the school-books, and some would chalk over their neighbours' coats, and some would fight ——.

At last I think some of the wiser children would go to the teacher and say:—

"This disorder makes us unhappy; we would be so glad if you would restore order."

Now I can tell you a secret. I know that boys and girls like order better than disorder, when once they have learned what order gives them. With order they can sit in peace, or move about the room easily, and read with attention and draw maps with a hand that does not shake. Order gives us *comfort*. Suppose I could show you pictures of people made comfortable by order, I would show you—

- People quietly waiting their turns to take tickets at a railway booking-office.
- People waiting to enter a theatre.
- People passing in crowds up and down stairs, each person *keeping to the right*.
- People walking in procession in ranks and parties.
- People taking their seats at a concert or circus.
- People putting books on shelves, and goods in boxes and drawers; and hanging caps and coats and scarves, and many other things, on proper pegs and hooks.

Now, is not that wonderful? You, when you hang your hat on its proper peg, and the sun, when it rises in its proper place, are both alike; you are both keeping order. ORDER is the rule of the sun; and ORDER is the rule of the child.

LESSON XIX

ORDER—(*concluded*)

Order gives us safety, intelligence and reason, science, and beauty. We must all help to put the world in order.

IT was a pitch-dark night. The huge British troopship, the *Warren Hastings*, was cutting its way through the waters of the Indian Ocean. The people on board the ship numbered 995—officers, seamen, hundreds of soldiers, and women and children. Onward through the waves and through the blackness of the night steamed the *Warren Hastings*.

At twenty minutes past two in the morning the vessel smote with a mighty thud upon unseen rocks. Under a black sky, in a strange sea, and among the deadly rocks, the big ship trembled, and began to take in water.

"Every man fall in on deck" was the order, and soon the soldiers had placed themselves in ranks and companies. They stood still, while the seamen looked about to see if it would be possible to land the people on the rocks. Strong rope ladders were let down from the fore-part of the ship. It was thought better that the men should go

first, and scramble to the rocky beach, and receive the sick persons and the women and children.

Presently the *Warren Hastings* shook and bumped against the rocks again; then it shifted and slanted, and the lower deck was getting under water. All the people were told to take refuge on the upper deck. At twenty minutes past four the men left off descending the rope ladders. The vessel was clearly in danger. The women, children, and sick must pass down at once. The strong men, who could have smitten down the rest with their fists and saved themselves first, stood aside. Not one strong man complained; not one murmured, as the women went by, and the children went by, and the sick were carried by. At twenty-five minutes to five the sea was washing over the upper deck.

Every man was bidden to take off his boots, so that he might move more easily in the water; and all rifles were to be left behind. Swiftly, silently, one by one, the men went down the ladders, plunged through the tumbling surf, and grasped at the stones, and then at the hands held out to assist.

At five minutes to five the *Warren Hastings* listed over still more. All who could swim were ordered to jump into the water. The sea threw itself heavily against the ship, and the ladders, and swimmers, and rocks. Nine hundred and ninety-three souls were saved; the two that perished being a cook and an officer's servant, both Hindus. In the wild Indian Ocean this happened, on January 14th, 1897; and the coast was the coast of the Island of Réunion, east of Madagascar. All in the terror of wreck and darkness this happened; and if the troops had taken fright, and pushed and struggled, perhaps very few would have been rescued from death in that far-off sea. But Commander Holland's men understood order. By order they were saved. Order gives us *safety*.

What else will order give us? Let us look at this curious row of letters:—

DHHMROIEEETFNHCRLRTA.

Can you tell what it means? Can you guess the language? It means nothing. The language is neither Chinese, nor Russian, nor French, nor Icelandic. The letters are all in disorder. They carry no message to our mind. Now, if you please, I will pick out these same letters, and place them in such a way that they will have a meaning for you. Look!—

FATHER, MOTHER, CHILDREN.

Ah, now you understand. The letters are in order, and they flash a meaning to your eye and your mind.

Now, you know, there are people in the world whose poor minds are in disorder. They do not see things as they really are. They do not understand things rightly. They are mad. Their *intelligence* is so weak that we say they have "lost their *reason*." But you and I can put letters in order, and things in order, and think about them, and talk about them, and learn more and more; and the more orderly we are, the better we learn. And so our *reason* and our *intelligence* are built on order.

A father once took his little son along the sea-shore. The tide had rippled down the beach, and left the seaweed and shells shining among the pebbles and about the sand. Little Walter looked at the shells with great joy, and he kept calling:—

"Oh, father, here's a beautiful yellow one—ha! I have found one all white—ho, ho! here is one like a Chinaman's hat!—just look at that pearly one!—hi! do you see this? it twists and turns like a screw!"

Walter filled his pockets, and his father's pockets, with hundreds of pretty shells. As they were walking homewards the boy said:—

"Father, may we go into that house by the water? There is a board over

the door, and on it I see a word I cannot read; but I know the letters, M-U-S-E-U-M."

"That is a museum," replied the father. "Let us go in."

When they had entered, they found themselves in a long, quiet room. A few people were gazing into large glass cases that stood on tables. The father lifted Walter up to look at one after the other. Walter was much delighted to see that the cases contained shells, most of them better and cleaner than any he had ever picked up himself. The shells were not thrown in heaps, nor mixed up as they were in Walter's pockets. They lay in lines—yellow ones here, purple ones there, white ones in a third place, and so on. The shells with twists and turns were in one group; shells like periwinkles were side by side; the shells with two lids (valves) were kept in their own cases. All were arranged in classes—the oyster-class, the mussel-class, the razor-class, the scallop-class, the ear-class, the cowrie-class, etc. And they had tickets fixed in front of them, with Latin names in thick black letters: Pecten, Patella, Venus, Cypræa, and so on.

"In this way, Walter," said his father, "we may learn the names and shapes of the shells much more quickly than if we only saw them lying among the seaweed and shingle. Here they are all in order, and here we may learn the *science* of shells—that is, the orderly knowledge of shells. People call it conchology (*kong-kol'-o-je*)."

So order helps to build up *science*. We put plants in orderly classes, and then we get the science of botany. We put gases and metals and other substances in order, and get the science of chemistry, and so on.

A mother once gave her six-year-old son a box of paints, and she gave him a sheet of paper to paint on. Bertie mixed the colours very eagerly, and rubbed the brush very hard on the paints, and made large dabs of blue, brown, red, black, green, violet, yellow, pink, etc., all over the paper. It was the strangest mess you ever saw. His mother kissed him and said it was lovely; but other people laughed, for the colours told them nothing; all was disorder.

But when Bertie's mother took him to a great building he cried out, as he pointed downwards:—

"How pretty these tiles are, mother!"

The tiles of the floor were painted in different colours, so that each made a fair pattern, round, square, egg-shaped, or like leaves and flowers. But every colour was in its orderly place, and that made a handsome design. And when Bertie looked up he saw many-coloured patterns in the windows—"stained" windows, his mother called them—and when the sun's rays passed through the glass they lit up the green and purple and orange so charmingly that Bertie stood still and wondered, and said nothing. And next he went with his mother into a hall where pictures were hung. He saw the two sleeping children who lay on the ground, while the robin redbreast covered them with leaves—"the Babes in the Wood"—and other pictures. Bertie kept on saying:—

"Isn't it pretty, mother?"

His mother kept on saying:—

"How beautiful."

With what trouble, what pains, what care, the artists had laid on the colours; each colour, even the smallest spot of red or white, just in its orderly place, in the lady's dress, or the lion's mane, or the rose-bud, or the sword. Order makes things beautiful. Order gives us *beauty*.

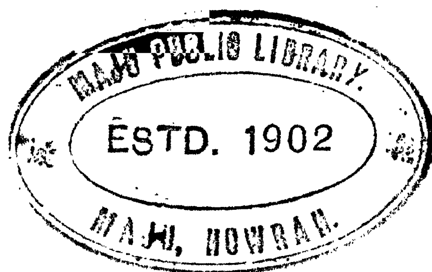
Thus order gives us life, health, comfort, safety, intelligence, science, and beauty.

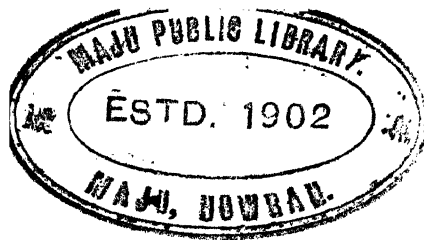
You might almost think order was a magic fairy that went about the world, doing all kinds of wonderful deeds, and changing ugly things into handsome. Order lays the table neatly, and makes father, mother, and children smile as

they sit down to meals. Order dresses boys and girls and men and women in such a way that it is pleasant to the eyes to behold them. Order keeps the furniture polished, and the windows bright, and the garden cheerful. Order makes the streets of the city clean. Order guides the crowds in the roads so that they do not jostle or annoy. Order brings our letters to the door, runs the train into the station at the right minute, and makes machines work correctly, and master and man live happily together.

It is true that the world is not in the order it should be. There is *dis*order where the people are sad, and poor, and ragged, and ready to steal and do many evil deeds. We must all of us help to put the world in order.

Yes, you boys must help to bring order into the world. You girls also.





Lesson XX

MODESTY

Why boasting seems hateful. The charm of modesty. We should refrain from giving ourselves grand names. Modesty in talking of what we can do. Modest people know when others are better than themselves. They know what they can do, and what they cannot do.

"Out of the way, common fellow! Out of the way, you low-class person!"

As thus he shouted, the War Horse came thundering down the hillside. His tail and mane flew in the wind. Richly adorned was his saddle. All his harness glittered. He champed the bit of his bridle, and tossed his handsome head.

The low-class person was an Ass, who carried a heavy burden along the mountain path. Quietly he stepped out of the way, making no reply. The War Horse galloped proudly on.

"He thinks a great deal of himself," muttered the Ass.

Not long afterwards a battle took place; the War Horse was shot in the eye; he was no longer fit to act as a charger; the glittering harness was taken off; he was sold to a carrier, and, all the week long, he bore loads along the country road. One day the Ass met him.

"Ah, my friend," said the Ass, "is it you? I always thought your pride would have a fall."

The Horse passed on without a word.

Now, which do you think has the finer look, an Ass or a War Horse? (I am not asking you which is the more useful.) The horse, certainly. And if the Horse said to the Ass, "I am handsomer than you," would it be true? Yes, it would be true. But ought the horse to say so? No, he ought not. Ought the Ass to say the Horse is handsome? Well, he may say it or not, just as he pleases.

Very well; but *why* ought not the Horse to call himself handsome? Because, you say, that would be vain, proud, conceited, boastful. Yes, so it would; but why does this boasting seem hateful to you and to me?

You do not know. Let us think a moment. How does the horse know he is handsome? Because he thinks so? Well, a toad might think itself beautiful. No, the horse knows he is handsome because other horses, or people, tell him how fine he appears. They gaze at him, they admire him, they turn to one another, and exclaim: "How noble a creature!" And who, then, ought to say whether we are fine and glorious—ourselves or our neighbours? Our neighbours. And if we call ourselves fine, handsome, glorious, we are doing what ought only to be done by other people. We are doing what it is not our business to do. We are proud, vain, conceited; we are really low-class persons and common fellows. People who make no boast of what they are, or what they can do, are said to be MODEST.

Do you see the lovely rose? It is fresh and red because the dew-drops fell on it last night; and so we praise the work of the dew-drop; and yet the dew never made a sound itself. Do you see the sweet green of the meadow? It is green because, behind those bushes, runs a quiet stream whose moisture rises all round.

"Dews that nourish fairest flowers
Fall unheard in silent hours;
Streams which keep the meadows green
Often flow themselves unseen."

Do you smell the violet? Yet you cannot see the flower which has so sweet an odour; it *modestly* hides among the grass and moss. Do you hear the trill of the lark! But look upwards, and, though you know it hovers in the air, you cannot catch sight of its little form.

"Violets hidden on the ground
Throw their balmy odours round;
Viewless in the vaulted sky,
Larks pour forth their melody."

The rose is charming; but you and I will say that—not the rose. The stream sparkles brightly; but you and I say that—not the stream. The violets have a delicious fragrance; but you and I say that—not the violets. The larks carol delightfully; but you and I say that—not the larks. And so the rose, the stream, the violets and the larks are *modest*.

We ask boys and girls, also, to be *modest* in their manners.

In September, 1898, the people of Holland rejoiced greatly, with music and banners and marchings, and orange ribbons and rosettes. The young princess Wilhelmina had just reached the age of eighteen, and she was enthroned as queen. Her mother had taught her and trained her all the years before. Queen as she was, young Wilhelmina needed to learn just as much as—perhaps more than—other girls. One day, at the time she was about fourteen years old, young Wilhelmina knocked loudly at the door of her mother's room.

"Who is there?"

"It is the Queen of Holland," called Wilhelmina, in a loud, commanding voice.

"Then," said her mother, "she cannot come in."

The queen could not come in! The queen saw she had made a mistake. The queen altered her conceited voice.

"Mamma," she said softly, "it is your own little daughter that loves you, and would like to kiss you."

"You may come in," said her mother. And then, in 1898, when the crowds shouted and received her as their queen, and she bowed to the people, no one called her vain. It was the people who made and called her queen, and she modestly bowed.

As we should be modest, and refrain from giving ourselves proud names, so also we should be modest in talking of what we can do. Of course, we do not think ill of the big words of little children.

"I could drive fifty horses at once," shouts a five-year-old Ronald.

"Yes, yes, my dear, you could do wonderful things."

"I could kill a lion with my fist."

"Yes, Ronald, you are a splendid conqueror of lions."

"I could build a house with a hundred rooms in it."

"Yes, darling, and when it is built you will ask us all to come and have tea with you in the largest room."

Little Ronald is a boaster, but we only smile; it is pretty in a small child. But if a man or woman boasts, they are childish. If *you* boast, you are childish; and you must not be childish; you are fast becoming men and women, and soon you will step from your door out into the great world. Do you suppose Sir Christopher Wren bawled out: "I am going to build the grandest church in England"? No; but he did build it; and there stands St. Paul's. Do you suppose George Washington kept fidgetting his friends by saying: "I am going to be the greatest man in America"? No; but he did rise to be the greatest man; he gained the mastery over the British foes; he was made President of the United States; and the city of Washington bears his name. Did the girl in your school who knows French so well chatter about how much she was going to learn? No; yet she can converse

with the lady from Paris. And you, who perhaps talked of the many French books you meant to read and translate to your aunt, can scarcely tell the simplest words; and when you see *pain*, written in French, you fancy it means "toothache"—and it really means "bread."

And then, too, modest people are ready to own that other people can do things as well or better than themselves. In olden times there was an election day in Sparta, in the land of the Greeks. Three hundred officers were to be chosen to rule the city. More than three hundred men offered themselves. Among the candidates was a good man named Pædaretus (*Pee-dar-eé-tus*). Crowds gathered in the streets, and there was much excitement. At length the names were read out. The name of Pædaretus was not heard.

"I am so sorry," said one of his friends, "that you were not elected. The people ought to have known what a wise officer of state you would make."

"I am glad," replied Pædaretus, "that in Sparta there are three hundred men better than I am."

Perhaps they were not better. I do not think any of them could have shown a more manly and modest spirit.

And modest people will not profess to do what they know they cannot do. You know an owl can see very well in the dark; its great eyes dilate, and it can spy frogs, mice, rats, etc. But as the morning dawns the light becomes too strong for the owl's eyes; the bird gets dazzled, and eagerly retreats to a cave, or a barn, or a hollow tree. Now (says Krilov, a Russian tale-teller) an owl once offered to show the way for a blind ass. The owl perched on the ass's back, and all went well during the hours of night. The sun arose. If the owl had been wise, he would have said that he was no longer able to direct his friend. He was too proud to tell the truth. And yet he could now see no better than the ass.

"Take care," he exclaimed in a tone of confidence, "do not go to the right, or else we shall tumble into a pool. Yes, that is correct. Stop a moment. Ha! I see. Now bear more to the left. That will do ——"

Just then the owl and the ass fell together over a steep precipice.

Why could he not have honestly said that he was unable to help?

Lesson XXI

MODESTY—(*concluded*)

People may be both brave and modest. Masters should be modest. Men in high places can best carry on their work when they have a modest spirit. The noblest people have modesty, and all who have modesty are noble.

A MAN was following a plough drawn by two oxen. His dress was plain; his little cottage was humble. Steadily he carved deep furrows in the soil. A band of Romans approached, trudging heavily on the clods of the field.

"Sir," cred the leader, "we have come to summon you to Rome. The enemies are gathering, and our city is in danger; and the elders of the Senate have bidden us fetch you, in order that you may be captain of the host, and lead the people against the foe. For none can lead like you."

"I will come," said the ploughman.

The ploughman's name was Cincinnatus (*Sin-sin-na'-tus*). When he reached Rome all men were glad. He assembled the warriors, and commanded

that each man should prepare food enough to last five days, and take with him twelve rods or staves of wood. Then the Romans marched towards the hills, ready to do all the ploughman wished. At length they came to a valley where the enemies lay in a camp. By night the Romans fixed the staves in the ground, like railings, and thus they made a fence which passed all round the valley, and shut in the enemy as in a trap. When Cincinnatus gave the word, they raised the war-cry, and rushed furiously upon the invaders, and won an easy victory. With shouts and songs they returned home. With shouts and songs the city folk greeted the masterful ploughman who had saved Rome; and they talked of giving him rewards and honours. But Cincinnatus, having acted as captain of the host for sixteen days, had no desire for such payment; and he went back to his cottage and his plough. This happened in the year 458 before Christ.

Now, it might be that a little Roman boy would boast loudly about his cleverness in learning to shoot with bow and arrow, or his wonderful skill in throwing quoits, or the fine voice in which he could recite a poem. His father would tell him to be modest.

"Oh," the boy might exclaim, "but that is a weak and silly thing, to be modest.

"No," the father would reply; "look at Cincinnatus, and how he went back to his plough. He was a very modest man. And have you ever heard of a braver Roman?"

You may be quite sure that if Cincinnatus had strutted about the streets of Rome, talking of his valiant actions, the people would not have held nearly such a high opinion of his greatness. So you see a man may be strong and bold, and lead the people as a mighty captain, and still be modest.

You remember Grace Darling? You have heard how she aided her father to row a boat in a rough sea towards the rocks where a ship lay wrecked? And you know how she helped in saving precious lives? You have read the story often, and you have seen her in pictures, with the gloomy sky above, and the storm beating in her face. Yet afterwards, when people praised her, she said she did not think she had done anything remarkable. There, again, was bravery, and modesty.

Let us think of the great teacher, Jesus. More than once the simple folk who followed him sought to make him a king. One day they marched in procession with him to Jerusalem; and they scattered palm leaves on the road, and even laid their garments down for his ass to pass over. But, a few days afterwards, he had supper with his friends, and he rose from the table, and took a basin of water and a towel, and washed the feet of his companions. Yet they looked up to him as their Master.

"And so," said he, "if I am your master, and have washed your feet as if I were a servant to you all, you ought also to wash one another's feet."

They were to be willing to serve one another. They were to be ready to do quiet work, which was not at all splendid to look at. They were to be modest, like their modest teacher. And which would find it harder to be modest, the master or the learner (disciple)? Certainly the master, for he stands higher than the learner, and it is not so easy for him to stoop to the lowly place.

I will tell you of a master who tried hard to keep himself modest. Once, in Persia, there was a good shepherd named Dara. He had been chosen head man of the village, and he ruled the villagers so justly that the king raised him to be chief governor of a wide province of Persia. In this high office also Dara did his duty, and was honest in all his dealings. But a strange tale was whispered about. It was said that Dara got money by unfair means, and by cheating the people whom he ruled, and that he hoarded the gold in a chest, and always carried the chest with him

wherever he went. The King of Persia was told of Dara's misconduct, and he paid a visit to the city where the governor dwelt. Dara, with a troop of archers, met the king at the gate, and saluted him. Near by there stood his camel, bearing the big chest. The king knitted his brows in anger.

"Ha!" he said, "I see the sign of your guilt. Open that chest, and let me see the treasures which you have robbed from the people under your care."

Quickly the box was opened. Inside the king beheld nothing but an old, ragged shepherd's-coat. The envious men who had told evil tales of Dara looked foolish, and they blushed for shame.

"What," asked the king, "is the meaning of this coat?"

"My lord," Dara replied, "this coat helped me to govern the people justly and kindly. I feared that I might become proud, and vain, and harsh; and so I kept the old coat, which I wore as a shepherd: and it made me think how mean a man I once had been, and how I had to hold sway over men as poor as I once was myself. It made me more true to my duty, more wise in my work, more humble in my manners. I feared, if I became haughty, I should lose my way."

The king was pleased, and added two more provinces to Dara's land.

Shall I tell you, last of all, of a person who was still higher in rank than Dara, or even the King of Persia? I will relate a story of the famous Cæsar Augustus, the Emperor of Rome. Perhaps, indeed, it is only a fable. I found it in a book of poems by Robert Browning, but the way he relates the story is not easy for you to understand, and so I will give it to you in my own words:—

A senator (one of the members of the council or Senate) walked through the streets of Rome, and, as he went, he looked to the right and to the left, and admired the handsome buildings.

"What a fine temple do I see; and it was built by the Emperor. Here I observe baths for the citizens to bathe in without payment. Yonder is a long line of arches, on the top of which runs a canal bearing water to the houses of a million citizens; and this aqueduct was also the gift of the Emperor. This firm, straight road was made by his order. The river Tiber he has cleared of mud and made deep for the ships that cross the sea. And the glorious shows and games that the Emperor provides for the amusement of the Romans! Ah! a great man, a very great man"——

Just then the senator saw a beggar sitting on some steps.

"Poor beggar," murmured the senator to himself, "how far he is beneath me. The Emperor is like a god above me; but then I am like a god above this beggar."

He took money from his purse, and stooped to give alms to the unhappy man on the steps. The beggar's cloak was of rough homespun cloth, and it was muffled about his face. But when the senator looked close he knew the man, and started back in astonishment! The beggar was the Emperor, Cæsar Augustus.

And now the senator remembered that (so he had heard) one day in every year the Emperor put on the garments of the poor, and sat by the wayside, and asked for money of the passers-by, and ate the food of the common folk. This made him feel that he was but a man like his subjects. It made him feel more humble, more modest, more neighbourly.

"Truly," said the senator, as he hastened away, "if the Emperor learns to be lowly in heart, why should not I?"

Perhaps you will think it very proper to do as an Emperor did. So we will agree to follow the Emperor Augustus, and not put on vain airs, and not chatter about our own cleverness, our own glory.

Queen Wilhelmina seemed fairest and pleasantest when she spoke with respect

and gentleness to her mother. She was modest in her manners. Pædaretus was glad there were three hundred men in Sparta better than himself, for modest men can see the worth of other people. The owl pretended he could see the way when he really could not. Vain bird! He did not know that wise people modestly say they cannot do a thing beyond their power. Cincinnatus went back to his plough, for brave men can be modest. Jesus washed his disciples' feet, for masters can be modest. Dara kept his shepherd's-coat, and the Emperor sat as a beggar on the steps; for men in high places can best carry on their work when they have a modest spirit. Now, this is a beautiful thing to learn, and all the noblest people learn it. Yes, and all the people who learn it are noble.

TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS

LESSON XXII

TRUTHFULNESS IN ACT

The clock is true or false to the sun. Consequences of untruth in clocks. True means fixed and firm. We may be truthful or untruthful without uttering a word. Our acts may be truthful or untruthful. Truthfulness gives beauty to the face.

WHAT riddle, what puzzle is this? You will think I am a man of mysteries! What can be the meaning of this diagram which I have just pinned upon our blackboard? In the upper part of the sketch you behold the sun, throwing out its brilliant rays. Below are four clocks, and all these clocks, you will notice, tell different times. One says twenty minutes to nine; a second, a quarter-past three; a third, half-past eight; a fourth, twelve o'clock exactly. We will suppose, if you please, that the last clock tells the right time. And how do we regulate our clocks? Who is their master and ruler? Their ruler is the sun. When, each day, we see the sun highest in his journey across the wide sky, that is the moment of noon, or mid-day. At that moment the sun, like a king, seems to say: "It is noon, and all my faithful clocks and watches will tell the people that I have reached the highest point in my path to-day." And then the loyal clocks strike twelve; but the rebels and the disobedient say: "twenty to nine," "a quarter past three," "half-past eight." You see, the rebels and the disobedient cannot agree among themselves. Now, the clock that strikes twelve is *true* to the sun; the others are false; they are deceivers; they cheat. If we follow the untruthful clocks, what will happen? If clocks and people do not show us the truth, what will happen? I asked the question of some children, and a girl answered: "Everything will go wrong." Trains do not run to time, meals are not ready, shops are not opened, the audience sits waiting and the pantomime does not begin, our letters are late, it is of no use to read newspapers, we cannot believe our teachers, I do not trust you, you do not trust me—and over all this sad confusion the royal sun would shine down and rebuke us. For truth is light, and falsehood is darkness.

Do you know what *true* means? TRUE MEANS FIXED AND FIRM.

When you exercise in your gymnastic class, you often leap at a cross-bar of wood, perhaps you swing round it, perhaps you hang from it by your hands, or even by your feet. The bar is fixed and firm. You can rely upon it. But if you thought the bar would slip from its socket, or bend, or break, you would not trust it, for it would play you false, and you would be flung to the ground bruised, breathless, and crippled.

Now, I will ask you a very simple question: "What is a truthful man?" Robert instantly replies: "A man who speaks the truth."

Speaks the truth? Is he only truthful when he is speaking? Could he be false without saying a word? Let us think.

Years ago ships would sometimes pass

in the black and gloomy night near the cliffs of Cornwall. All around heaved the dark sea. The crew would strain their eyes. Presently they saw a moving light. They supposed it was a lantern on another ship, and they sailed on, believing that the water was deep and safe.

And ere long a crashing sound and a great trembling and swaying of the ship told of a perilous rock, and the vessel would go to wreck, and the despairing sailors would be swept away in the white foam of the breakers.

The Cornishmen who lit the false signal were "wreckers." They had tied a lantern to a horse's neck, and led the animal along the beach, so as to make it look like the light of a passing ship.

Without a word they told a falsehood. They hoped next morning to find wreckage strewn upon the shore for their plunder. They were untrue in *act*.

A poor mother enters a baker's shop, and she asks for a quartern loaf. The baker smiles, and observes that the rain seems passing off. "Yes," says the mother; but she does not smile. She is thinking of her hungry children at home. Will this loaf last till she can buy more bread? And she walks out with a loaf that weighs only three pounds and a half. The scales are false; the weights are false; the man is false; and the children are so hungry.

A lady passes by, and the children say: "Look how her necklace of diamonds shines!" These stones are not diamonds; they are cunningly cut glass; they are shams; they are "paste"; they are false.

Could a vase—a vase that stands upon the mantel and gleams with red and blue and yellow flowers—utter a falsehood? You laugh at the idea. But let me tell you of old Josiah Wedgwood. He was a famous Staffordshire potter. He would walk round the workshop, and examine the vessels of china which his people had moulded and baked and painted. Sometimes he would seize upon a cup or a vase, look into it closely, and discover a stain, a crack, an uneven surface, a flaw. He would raise his stick, and smash the false earthenware to pieces, crying: "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood!" Yes; the vase upon the mantel may be guilty of falsehood.

I bought a ticket at the railway station, and the booking-clerk gave me a shilling change. If the shilling could have spoken, it would have shrieked out: "Don't touch me! don't take me! Though I shine like silver, I am an untruth!" For afterwards I rang the piece upon the table, and the sound that it uttered was dull and heavy and full of shame. The money was bad.

This gentleman that you see hurrying along with a portmanteau has just come from abroad. In his portmanteau he has concealed a number of cigars upon which he ought to have paid the tax or "duty," and the tax should have gone into the treasury of the country. He did not say: "I have no articles liable to duty." The cigars escaped the eye of the customs officer. This gentleman's luggage—but, but—is he indeed a gentleman?

Can pictures tell truth? Most certainly they can. When a likeness is drawn well, or when the landscape shows us the cottage and the river and the cows in the meadow just as they really are, we say: "That is true to nature." An honest Chinaman once painted the portrait of an English traveller, and the traveller grumbled at the ugliness of the face. The artist replied in his broken English: "No hab got handsome face; how can hab handsome picture?" To be sure, how could he "hab" it, unless the picture told a falsehood?

Can our dress deceive people? What! even our coat, our mantle, our cap, our bonnet? If you do not think so, let me remind you of Æsop's fable of the jackdaw and the peacocks. This jackdaw envied the peacocks their feathers, and, when he found some of their cast-off plumage, he fixed the bright feathers into his tail and strutted to and fro with mighty pride, and at first the world (I mean the ducks.

geese, and pigeons in the farm-yard) exclaimed: "Is this a peacock that I see before me?" But when they looked more closely, they discovered the cheat, and pecked at him, and mocked him, and drove him away into loneliness and exile. And when a fine-looking lady sweeps by in her sealskin jacket, the very jacket may tell a falsehood. It seems to say: "I am this lady's property." But suppose she has not paid, and does not mean to pay for it?

It is very delightful to visit Miss Florence and Master Edgar. They are so polite at the table—"Please," "Thank you," "Will you kindly pass the cake?" "May I trouble you?" "I hope your cold is much better," "We shall be so glad to see you again." Magnificent! But when the company have left, what a change!—"I want this," "I shan't do any such thing," "Fetch it yourself," "I can't help it if your head *does* ache." The sweet manners were false. They were only "company manners."

Now that we are speaking of people at the table, let us look for a few moments at this noble picture. It is the picture of the "Last Supper." At the long table sit Jesus and the Twelve Apostles, with the simple meal spread before them—the plates, the cups, the little loaves. The apostles are looking eagerly upon the master, and some stretch their hands towards him in their love and friendship. But there is one who keeps still. In his heart he is plotting to sell his master for thirty pieces of silver. He is not a true apostle. It is a lie for Judas to sit at the table. Yes, and you can see the falsehood in his face.

Falsehood generally writes itself on the face.

Boys and girls—or shall I this time say "girls" first? for perhaps they will listen with extra attention to what I am about to say. It is a very fine thing to have a handsome face. I admire handsome faces. If I had all your portraits hung up in my room, I would look over them, and say: "Now, these are the handsome ones; first, Miss"——Halt for one minute! I will come back to these portraits presently.

I have seen a celebrated picture of the Christ-child in his mother Mary's arms; and three kings knelt and offered the child gold and precious spices; and all round the head of the babe was a sparkling halo of light. What a handsome child! and how dignified he looks with the sparkling halo!

Now, I am looking at you; and I see no halo.

But when a man, a woman, a boy, a girl, acts truly and lives truly, the face becomes beautiful with its look of truth, and it could not be more beautiful if a halo shone round the head. The faces that look truthful are handsome faces.

And now I may come back to your portraits, and those shall be most handsome which look the most truthful.

But why should I choose this one or that? For we may all be handsome.

Lesson XXIII

CANDOUR

The Roman "candidates." Candid, and candour. Candour means frankness. Frank people need not be rude people. Candid people like to be treated with candour. We should require no oath to bind us to speak the truth. Truthfulness is like transparent glass.

Please think that you and I stand among a crowd of people in ancient Rome, and in the middle space we see two men clothed in white. Even the onlookers from afar can easily observe these snowy forms. Who are these two men? They are *candidates*—that is, white and shining ones. On their garments there is no spot, no stain. They seem to say: "I am pure; I am honest." But they do not actually say such words. We Romans have to judge as to their character. These men wish to take some noble office—such as that of consuls or magistrates; and their characters must be shining and truthful and white. The officers and leaders of the people ought to be *candid;* they must be men of CANDOUR.

So candid means white, and it means honest. But there is another beautiful word which gives us its meaning, and we may very likely find it by looking down a list of boys' names: Arthur, Bertie, Charles, David, Edward, Frank—*Frank* is the word I want. It is a splendid name, and if there is a boy here who bears it, let him smile to think of his proud title. Frank means free. In olden times there was a nation of *Franks*, and these Free Men gave a name to *France*, the land of the free. But the Germans are also free; the English and the Americans are free—free to climb Alps, to penetrate forests, to cross the rolling seas, to explore, to work, to speak, to vote. And the freedom to vote is called the *franchise;* some day you boys will have this voting freedom, and—perhaps you girls! But there is a better freedom, a better franchise, a better frankness—when our character is free from falsehood and cunning and blot. And this brings us back to the white and unstained characters of the *candidates*. The candid people are the honest, open-faced, and open-minded. CANDOUR MEANS FRANKNESS.

A girl came to me once, and showed me an open book. It was a volume which she had borrowed from the school library. A leaf was torn right across. "I am sorry," she said, "that I have brought the book back like this; it was torn by accident at home." "And I also am sorry," I replied, "for the librarian will have the trouble of mending the torn leaf; but I will not find fault with you; I am much obliged to you for telling me of the mishap." The girl was frank. She told the unpleasant truth without being asked.

A gentleman sat quietly reading. Presently he was startled by a crash. A boy entered the room. "I beg your pardon, Mr. S.," exclaimed the boy, "but I have just broken a window." "How unfortunate! and how did it occur?" asked Mr. S. "Why," replied the lad, "I saw the cat going to pounce upon a bird, and I threw a stone to stop it. The stone missed and struck the window." The boy was a gentleman, and he was a gentleman because he was frank.

Your friend brings you his sketch of an African lion, and you see at once that there is something wrong. The lion

squints most horribly! The friend asks your opinion; and what will you say? If you say, "The lion squints most horribly," you would hurt his feelings. If you say, "The lion is the most beautiful creature I ever saw," you would be telling a falsehood. Perhaps, then, you had better say: "I like his mane; the tail is good; the legs are fine; but I do not admire his eyes." Your remark would be candid, and your friend would very likely take it in good part. Frank people need not be rude people.

Suppose a visitor calls when you are very busy at some important task. He talks for a few minutes, and then notices that your face looks slightly puzzled and troubled. "Perhaps," he says, "I have come at the wrong time?" What will you reply? You might say: "Not at all; I shall be delighted if you remain all the afternoon." But it would be untrue. So look into your friend's face, and give him a frank smile, and say: "I should be pleased to see you some other time, but just now I am indeed very much engaged." If your visitor is candid like yourself, he will be glad that you treat him so openly. Candid people like to be treated with candour.

Will people always praise you for being frank? Yes? No? You are doubtful. Let me tell you of the New York shop-boy. He had not long served in a draper's store, and had so far satisfied the master very well by his attention to his duties. One day a lady came in to buy silk. Her fancy was taken by some material he showed her, glossy and strong; and she agreed to purchase a considerable piece. As he was folding the silk up he noticed a flaw, a blemish or bad place in the weaving.

"Madam," said the shop-boy, "I am afraid there is a flaw in the silk."

She looked, and then, finding nothing else to suit her, left without buying. The employer had heard what passed, and he was indignant. He thought the boy was very unbusiness-like, and he immediately wrote a letter to the lad's father. "Your son," he said, "will never make a merchant." The father read the letter with surprise and sorrow. Had his son committed a disgraceful act? He hastened to the shop, and anxiously asked:—

"Why will my son not make a merchant?"

"Because he is not smart. A lady was about to buy silk, when your son actually informed her, without being asked, that the goods were damaged! I lost the bargain. Customers must look after themselves. It is not my place to point out defects in my goods."

"Is that all his fault?" inquired the father.

"Yes, he is very well in other respects."

"Then," said the father," I thank you for telling me of the matter. I would not for the world allow him to stay another day in your store. Come, my son."

In great astonishment the draper watched them depart. So, you see, one person praised the boy for his frankness, and another blamed. It is quite possible many tradesmen might be of the same opinion as this draper, and consider it is not their business to open the eyes of their customers to see any defects in their silk, or earthenware, or furniture. Perhaps we might wonder why any tradesman should act in this deceitful way; for surely it is not because they are altogether evil-hearted men. But to-day I do not wish to study how to teach these tradesmen just dealing. It must be enough for us to be certain of one thing—that it is dishonest to hide from customers any flaw in the goods displayed for sale.

All of us are not tradesmen who sell silk or earthenware or furniture. But from day to day we are all of us called upon to pass our words, our speech, from one to the other. Shall they be open, frank, and honest words, or sly, uncandid, cunning words? You remember that frank means free. Now imagine that you have seen an accident in the street, perhaps a child run over. The question arises, Was the driver to blame? You are required to attend the Court of Justice to state all that you saw. You are a witness. Let us also imagine that, for

some cause or other, you dislike the driver who stands at the bar. You know the driver was not to blame. But will you say so before the stern judge and the lawyers and the twelve men in the jury-box? An officer approaches you, and offers you a Bible. In England it is the custom to kiss the book and swear a promise or oath to tell the truth. People say that the oath binds you. But if you only say the truth because the oath binds you, you are not speaking frankly, you are not speaking freely, you are not stating the facts out of a desire to do justice. Ought you to tell the truth in the witness-box? Yes. And out of the witness-box? Yes. And in the street? Yes. And in the home? Yes. And when you have taken no oath? Most certainly. For a lady or gentleman (and you are little ladies and gentlemen, are you not?) needs no oath to bind her or him to speak the honest word. Of her own free will, and because it is a beautiful thing to do, a lady's lips utter truth.

In olden times there was a Greek philosopher named Xenocrates (*Zen-ok'-ra-tees*). He was called to give evidence at a trial, and he advanced towards the altar where the oath was taken by the witnesses. The judges rose from their seats. "No, Xenocrates," they declared, "we will take your word without an oath. We have trust in your character." For he was a simple, loyal man, who always said his yes or no sincerely, and faithfully told all that he knew.

That is the story of a noble Greek. Many centuries afterwards a like incident is related of a famous Italian poet—Petrarch. He also was summoned to the solemn court, and the people thronged in to watch the trial. Several witnesses swore their oaths upon the open pages of a holy book; but when the poet came forward the judge closed the volume, and said: "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Now, it is a very splendid thing to be a great poet; but it is better still to be honest in all our speech.

Here are three squares of glass, and we will test, or try, them. Let me take some object—a cup, for example—and place it behind each glass in turn, and observe with what clearness we can behold the cup. And I have a fancy to speak of these glasses as if they were living men or women.

The first. You can view the cup with perfect distinctness. The sheet of glass is quite transparent. He shows us the cup just as it truly is. He is frank and joyous and crystal-bright. We can trust him.

The second. We have some difficulty here. Look carefully. Yes, there is the cup; but its outline is faint. This dull glass tells the truth with hesitation. He does not offer it at once and freely. He is not so candid as he should be. But, after all, he shrinks from falsehood; and, as time goes on, we hope his surface will become clearer and purer, and let the light through more kindly.

The third. Ah me! Where is the cup? Something there is behind the glass, but its shape is so twisted, so distorted, that, if I had not known beforehand, I could never have supposed a cup stood there. This glass makes me sad. He is covered with shame. Shall I break him? No; perhaps in time he also will open himself to the sweet light of day. But let us turn aside from him. We cannot believe him. And we look once more at the *candid* glass, and it seems to give joy to our eyes, for it is transparent and *true*. And through it we may see, not only a cup, but men and women and children, and trees and gardens and lakes and tall mountains, or the midnight sky full of twinkling stars.

Lesson XXIV

TRUTHFULNESS IN SPEECH

Why do people tell untruths? (1) For the sake of selfish amusement—therefore "Be kind"; (2) to get gain—therefore, "Beware of greed"; (3) in order to appear grand—therefore, "Do not be vain"; (4) out of fear—therefore, "Be brave"; (5) to please the great and wealthy—therefore, "Be candid."

If you saw a man smashing beautiful vases, and tearing up fine pictures, and rooting up charming flowers, and seeking to hurt his dearest friends, you would say he was mad. And why is he mad? Because he acts without reason. Above all, you know he is mad because he cannot tell Right from Wrong.

I am going to speak of a class of people of whom it is not pleasant to speak at all. I shall speak of them with a kind of shudder, as I might shudder at the sight of a serpent's glittering scales under the leaves near my path. These people are liars. I was telling you the other day how a man might act a lie, and be false without uttering a word; but to-day I want you to think of persons who tell the lie with their lips. Would you call a liar mad? Does he say deceitful words without any cause? Does he tell lies for no real reason? No, that is not the case. Of course, the madman who crushed the vases and spoiled the pictures and the flowers may also utter falsehoods, but he is just as willing to tell the truth; for truth and falsehood are alike to him. In his poor wild brain the thoughts are all confused. But most liars are not mad. They have reasons for what they do. And so we are going to answer the strange question, Why do people tell untruths?

Suppose I give you some examples, and you shall tell me the reason in each case why the falsehood was told.

1. *First Example.* This shall be one that you can tell me as readily as I relate it to you. A certain shepherd-boy kept his sheep upon a grassy common. One day he amused himself by calling out, in terror-stricken tones: "The wolf! the wolf!" The labourers in the fields near by, and the villagers in the cottages, heard the cry of alarm, and rushed out with knives and cudgels, only to find the lad laughing heartily at his own deceit. Not long afterwards he did it again, and again he enjoyed the sight of the scared folk running to his aid. But at last the wolf came in real earnest—his grey-bristled coat quivering with the hunger-passion, and his eyes flashing in eagerness after his prey; and he leaped upon the boy, and the lad screamed "Wolf! wolf!" but the villagers smiled, and no one came to the rescue.

Why did the boy falsely raise the cry of alarm? He did it *for the sake of amusement;* he did it *for sport.* But whose amusement? His own or other people's? His own; he had no care for the feelings of other people; he was so selfish that, so long as he had his fun, he took no thought for his neighbours. That was his reason. And if we could, by some magic, change this boy's heart, we would teach him to be kind and thoughtful towards others. And so we will write down this simple little rule, *Be kind:* for the kind lips tell no falsehoods.

A boy asked me once if it was right to tell untruths on the first of April—

that is, April Fools' Day. He calls out to a passer-by: "Sir, you have dropped your purse"; and then, on the person turning round, he bursts into laughter, and cries: "April fool!" Well, some boys do it so good-naturedly, and look so merry, that it makes the deceived person also laugh; and such boys are as ready to be laughed at themselves as to jest at others; and in that case, perhaps, there is no harm done. But you will notice that very few grown-up people play at April-fool. It is not now a sport for men and women; and you boys and girls are right in wishing that, as soon as possible, you should be manly and womanly.

2. *Second Example.* A carpenter dropped his axe into a river, and prayed to the gods for help, and Mercury, with the winged feet, suddenly appeared—(but you know this is only a fable). The god dived into the rushing stream, and brought out a glittering golden axe. "That is not mine," said the carpenter. Again Mercury plunged and found a silver axe; and this also the carpenter refused. A third time Mercury searched, and then produced a poor-looking iron axe with a wooden handle; and this the workman eagerly claimed. And then and there the smiling god gave the honest carpenter the silver and the gold axes also. The story soon spread abroad, and a dishonest neighbour of the carpenter resolved to try the same experiment. He dropped an axe into the river, and sat down and wept aloud—or pretended to. Kind Mercury heard, and came and offered his assistance; and he dived and fetched up an axe of gold.

"Is this your axe?"

"Yes, yes."

Then Mercury's eyes seemed to blaze with contempt and disdain, and he turned away and left the liar ashamed

Why did the second man tell a lie? In order *to get gain.* He was greedy; he was covetous. For the sake of yellow gold he would let the black word fall from his mouth, and blot out his manhood. Blot out his manhood; the shop-keeper does it when he sells bad wares for the sake of profit; or the merchant and man of business who deceives other men so that he may become rich and dwell in a splendid mansion; or the speaker who stands in a church or a house of parliament and says things he does not believe, so that people may give him honour and salute him as he passes by.

So our second rule should be, *Beware of Greed.*

3. *Third Example.* Once upon a time—a very strange time, indeed, since this event never truly happened—an ape was swept off a ship during a storm in the Mediterranean Sea. He was seen by a kind-hearted fish—a dolphin—who, mistaking him for a man, swam towards him, and invited him to clamber on his back. The dolphin made his way towards a harbour on the coast of Greece called the Piræus (*Py-reé-us*), near which stood the city of Athens. "Do you belong to Athens?" asked the dolphin. "Yes," answered the ape, "I am an Athenian." "Of course, then, you know the Piræus?" inquired the dolphin. "Oh, exceedingly well," said the ape; "he is my particular friend, and I often dine with him." The dolphin was indignant at the falsehood, and sank into the depths of the sea, and so the pretended Athenian came to a sad end.

Why did the ape tell a lie? In order to make himself appear grand and important. He was so *vain* that he did not like to admit his ignorance of the Piræus, which he supposed to be a person of noble family. We are really wasting our time when we put on airs and say we are friends with rich persons; for the best kind of people will think no better of us because we tell them we know a banker, or a member of Parliament, or a duchess. Our third rule, then, will run, *Do not be vain.*

4. *Fourth Example.* This example shall be taken from the Bible. Among the disciples of Jesus there was one who had a habit of boasting; he would do this, he would do that; if enemies showed themselves and threatened the Master's life, he would draw the sword and make a valiant fight! I daresay the Master or the other disciples would sometimes tell this boastful Peter that he resembled a crowing cock, strutting and staring and screaming. Well, Jesus was arrested by the Jewish police, and led to the High-priest for trial. The chamber where Jesus stood looked out upon a wide courtyard where, in the early morn, a number of men gathered round a fire to warm themselves, and Peter was among them. First one and then another and another person looked at Peter, and said he was one of the followers of the good carpenter who had ridden into Jerusalem as a king. Three times over he tremblingly said: "No, I am not." And when the cock crew upon the wall the sound seemed to strike upon his conscience, and, looking up, he caught the eye of Jesus, which gazed at him as if to reproach him; and Peter went out and wept bitterly.

Why did Peter tell a lie? Because he was afraid. The boaster had shown himself to be a coward. The man or child who wishes to be truthful must be *brave*.

5. *Fifth Example.* Canute, the mighty Dane who conquered England before the time of the Norman conquest, was told by his courtiers that he was lord of the land and the sea. He was an honest, straightforward man, and this crawling and flattering speech did not please him. He had no love for folk who smirked and grinned before him, and told him untruths in order to please his fancy. "Place my throne on the beach," he ordered; and he sat there out upon the sand and pebbles, and bade the sea be still; and the ripples of the tide rolled up and then back, and up again till the ocean water lay all about the throne; and Canute smiled in disdain, and rose and splashed his way out of the wet. He had no wish to be named King of the Sea, when he had no power to rule the masterful waves.

Why did the courtiers tell a lie? To please the great and wealthy; perhaps because they feared the king; perhaps because they hoped to gain money or office from him. But we should speak to the rich just as we should to the poor. We should be *candid*.

My *last example* is sad. I am almost ashamed to tell it to you; but falsehood always should appear a thing of shame. It is about the great poet of Portugal—Luis de Camoens. As a young man, Camoens fought bravely against the Moors. Once he boarded a Moorish ship, and in the struggle he lost an eye. He travelled to India, and at Goa—one-eyed as he was—he had sharp enough sight to see how cruelly the Portuguese settlers treated the native Hindoos. He exclaimed against such wickedness, but he was arrested, and, as a punishment, banished to far China. Tossed in a storm, the ship was flung upon rocks and wrecked, and Camoens only just escaped; and as he reached the shore he clasped in his hands the papers on which his finest poem was written; it was called the *Lusiad*. After sixteen years the poet returned to Lisbon. He was penniless; his old Indian servant, Antonio, begged for him in the street. A grandee (nobleman) visited Camoens in his wretched room, and asked him to write verses. The poor poet pointed to the faithful Antonio, who asked for fourpence to purchase coals; for the day was cold. The grandee departed without giving any help. Camoens was carried to an almshouse, and there he died, and over his grave they placed a stone, which said to the passer-by: "Here lies Luis de Camoens; he excelled all the poets of his time; he lived poor and miserable; and he died so, 1629."

Thus the stone told the world how a

great poet had been neglected. But afterwards people felt uneasy when they read these words; and they took away the old stone and raised another, on which was an account of the wonderful work of Camoens, praising him as a great Portuguese, and saying nothing about his unhappy death. The second stone was not *candid*. I think it would have shown a better spirit if people had left the first stone untouched; and then, every time men read it, they might have said: "This great poet lived poor and miserable, and he died so. We must not let that happen again; and if a man paints delightful pictures for us, or makes sweet music, or writes good verses, or if in any way he serves his country, we must see to it that he does not live or die poor and miserable."

So, then, the people whose lips are not soiled by lies are too kind to tell falsehoods in sport; they are too honest to tell falsehoods for gain; they are too sensible to tell falsehoods for vain show; they are too brave to tell falsehoods lest they should suffer pain; they are too candid to tell falsehoods to please the powerful, or to hide their mistakes.

The liar often has the mark upon his face. He has the ugly look by which wise men know him.

The truthful man bears the light upon his face. The poet Crabbe said of an honest man:—

"Truth, simple truth, was written on his face."

Lesson XXV

KEEPING PROMISES

A promise is something which makes us look forward and expect. We ought to (1) think before making a promise; (2) keep a promise really, and not in pretence; (3) keep our promise to the humblest person; (4) keep our promise in spite of difficulty. Foolish and bad promises.

If I fling a stone into the air, I expect it to drop again. If I clap my hands, I expect to hear a sound. If I place my hand near the fire, I expect to feel warmth. If I sow a seed in good ground, I expect to see a plant—a bean-stalk, perhaps—with its flowers of blazing scarlet. If I purchase a concert-ticket for the seat No. 44, I expect to find chair No. 44 ready for me when I go to the performance. If the railway time-table marks a train for departure at half-past ten, I expect it to leave at that hour, so that I may meet my friends at the time arranged.

If I take in a stray dog from the street, and give him shelter, and lay food for him in a certain corner day after day for a week or two, he will learn to come to the corner; he expects his little meal there; the poor creature would be full of dumb sorrow if I suddenly left off providing for him.

If your uncle says to you, "To-morrow afternoon at two o'clock I will call for you and take you to the circus, and you shall see the lady on the tight-rope, and the dancing elephant, and the pig drawing the chariot, and a hundred-and-one wonders," you will eagerly expect him; you will watch at the window; and if he does not come, you will say, bitterly and perhaps angrily, "My uncle has not kept his PROMISE." Now, young Latin scholar, let me admire your learning. "Pro" means?—*Before.* "Mitto" means?—*I send.* "Promitto" means?—*I send forward.* And "promissum" or "promise" means?—Something sent forward; something which makes us look forward and expect. A man who makes a promise is like one who shoots an arrow, and says, "Where that arrow falls I will go and take my stand." He has sent a messenger in front of him. He has promised "I will do this," "I will do that"—and we expect these things to be fulfilled. We ought to take care where we shoot our arrows. We ought to think before we bend the bow. We ought—

1. *To think before making a promise.* A crawling tortoise felt tired of living so lowly and humbly, and wished to attain a higher place in the world; and he gave notice that, if any bird would take him up in the air and show him the glories of the earth, he would reveal a store of precious stones in a dark cavern. Perhaps he had heard other tortoises talk of the cave of diamonds and rubies, and trusted he should be able to find it. Perhaps he supposed the friendly birds would not wish for any of his sparkling gems. He did not think carefully. An eagle heard the tortoise's offer, gripped him in his talons, and soared upwards above the blue mountains and among the golden clouds; and the tortoise saw the cities and kingdoms of the earth.

"And now, where are the diamonds?" asked the eagle.

The tortoise hesitated, stammered, begged pardon. Enraged and disappointed, the eagle let the tortoise fall upon a rock, and then devoured him.

2. We ought to keep a promise *really*,

and not in pretence. A certain Greek knelt before the altar in the temple of Mercury, and asked to be kept in safety during his journey, promising that he would thank the god by giving him half of whatever he gained on his travels. As he passed on his road he found a bag of dates and almonds. He ate the fruits and nuts with great relish, and then, on reaching a temple of Mercury in the next city, he laid before the altar the stones of the dates and the shells of the almonds, saying: "Here are the outsides of the almonds and the insides of the dates, and that makes the half which I promised to give you!"

But, you see, the mean man had led Mercury to expect dates and almonds, and not stones and shells. The mean man did not go straight to the mark which his promise had made. He shuffled to one side of it. He *evaded* it. This wriggling and sneaking away from our pledge is called *evasion.*

When the gate of the meadow is left open, and the sheep run out and are lost, John's father asks:—

"Did you leave the gate open, John?"

"Oh, father, I always shut gates after me," is John's *evasive* reply.

"Did you leave the gate open, John?" his father asks again.

"Oh, father, I saw Harry Brown near the gate this morning."

This is evasion. We suspect at once that John caused the loss of the sheep.

3. We ought to keep our promise *to the humblest person.* A gentleman was walking along a country lane when he heard the sound of sobbing. A little girl was in great distress. She was gazing woefully at the broken pieces of an earthenware bowl which she had dropped, and which had contained her father's dinner. She feared her mother would beat her.

"You can mend it, can't you?" she asked wistfully, looking up with her tear-dimmed eyes at the good-natured gentleman.

He said he had no skill to do that, but he would give her the money to buy a new bowl. On opening his purse he found he had no money with him. However, he promised that if she would come to that spot at the same hour the next day, he would be there with the money. She dried her eyes, and went home singing. Next day as it drew near the appointed time, a letter was handed to him from a friend at Bath, desiring to meet him while he stayed a few hours in that city. They had not seen each other for many years. There was no time to be lost——. But ah! the child in the lane——. With much regret he gave up all thought of meeting his friend. True to his word as a gentleman, he met the little maid, and gave her the promised coin. This gentleman was Sir William Napier, a well-known historian. For you know that ladies and gentlemen—*I mean you*—keep their pledge to the baby brother, to the sick companion, to the bent old man with the patched coat.

4. We ought to keep our promise *in spite of difficulty.* In olden times a strange custom was followed among the Arabs. On a certain day of the week all who pleaded before the chieftain would find their requests kindly listened to, and perhaps answered; but whosoever asked a favour on the following day must die. A poor Arab named Tai, not knowing or forgetful of the rule, flung himself before the chieftain on the forbidden day, and begged help for his pining and starving family. A look of horror passed over the faces of the people who stood by. Poor Tai was doomed! When he knew his fate he said:—

"Sir, let me first go and bid my wife and children farewell, and then I will return to die."

The prince smiled in mockery. He said Tai would never come back to be slain. And then the noble-hearted Cherik came forward and said he would be surety for Tai, and if the poor peasant did not return by sunset he—Cherik—would suffer in his stead.

And Tai flew off; and the hours

passed, and the executioner had prepared his axe; and the people waited in sad silence; and the sun was sinking red and large in the west; and then Tai was seen afar, breathless, dusty, faint, but running, running, running—— And the people raised a cry of joy for Cherik; and, presently, also for Tai, for the chieftain said he dared not sacrifice the life of a man whose great heart would not let him save himself at the expense of his friend. You see, Tai had lingered with his dear ones, until they said it was too late to return, for no man could travel the distance in so short a time before the sun went down.

Tai kept his promise for the sake of one who had been generous towards him. But now let us see why Regulus kept his word.

Regulus was a prisoner in the African city of Carthage, for there was war between Carthage and the people of ancient Rome. The rulers of Carthage said to him:—

"We will permit you to journey to Rome, so that you may speak to the citizens and the senate; and if you persuade them to make peace with us, all will be well; but, if not, will you promise to return to Carthage?"

Regulus promised. The ship that bore him across the blue Mediterranean sped safely to Rome. His wife Marcia and his two sons embraced him. He spoke to the city fathers in the senate, and bade them continue the war. Then he turned to the ship. The people shouted to him to stay, and his wife and his sons wept. He re-entered the ship, and it carried him back to Carthage, and there they put him to the torture, and there he died.

Was it for a friend's sake? Perhaps; if you like to call Rome his friend. He kept his word for the honour of his country. He would not let the men of Carthage say that Romans did not keep their word. He died for the honour of Rome. There is a saying that "an Englishman's word is his bond"—that is, it binds him and keeps him true, and makes him loyal to his promise. And only an Englishman? Not at all; for Americans, Italians, Australians, Germans, Frenchmen, and all the rest, do honour to their country by being truthful. The truthful man is a good citizen.

Lastly, I will remind you of *bad promises*, of *foolish promises*, which ought never to be made, and which it is better not to keep. You remember how King Herod held a splendid feast; and noblemen and captains sat in his marble banqueting hall, and the gold and silver dishes glittered, and the music sounded soft strains, and a dancing-girl came in and swung and waltzed about the palace floor, and all the company applauded, and the king cried in his excitement: "Bravo! well danced; ask whatever you will and it shall be given you, even to the half of my kingdom." She whispered with her mother, and then, with a curtsey, she said: "Give me here John the Baptist's head in a dish." All the company were shocked. Why should the poor preacher die to please a dancing-girl? Yet the king had promised, and, though he was grieved, yet, for the sake of his royal promise, he would not say her nay; and he beckoned to an officer, and the officer went out, sword in hand, to John's dark cell; and John had to die. Herod's promise was foolish. He had better not have kept it.

So, then, we should not undertake to do a thing without feeling sure we can carry it out; we should keep our promise really, and without evasion; we should be loyal to our word, even when pledged to the humblest person; we should be true to our promise for a friend's sake, for our country's sake. The truthful man is a good citizen.

I will give you for a motto one of the maxims, or rules, of George Washington, first President of the United States: "Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

Lesson XXVI

CAREFUL EYES, EARS, AND TONGUES

Careful observation of the world about us is helpful to oneself and one's neighbours. Good people must also be observant and quick-witted people. The duty of careful reporting. Exaggeration.

A LITTLE wooden hut stands in the midst of a great pine-forest of America. The place is very lonely. Presently a Red Indian trudges through the trees, enters the hut, utters a cry, and comes out with a scared look upon his face.

"A thief has been here! A thief has stolen my dried venison!"

The Red Indian looks carefully around, and then strides away in search of the man who has robbed him of his dried deer's flesh. Presently he meets a party of white men who are travelling through the forest.

"Have you," he asks eagerly, "have you seen a little old white man with a short gun, followed by a small dog with a bob-tail?"

"Yes, we have; he passed along yonder track."

"The rascal has stolen my venison."

"How is it you were not able to seize him as soon as you caught sight of him?"

"I have never seen the thief."

"How do you know he is a little man?"

"Because he made a pile of stones to stand upon while he was reaching my meat."

"How do you know he is an old man?"

"Because I noticed the marks of his short steps on the dead leaves which strew the ground in the woods."

"And that he is white like ourselves?"

"He turns out his toes as he walks—which an Indian never does."

"And that the gun is short?"

"I observed the place where the muzzle scratched a tree against which he leaned it."

"And that the dog is small?"

"By his wee footsteps."

"And his bob tail?"

"I discovered the imprint of his stumpy tail in the dust where he sat while his master was after my venison."

And the Red Indian hurried on in pursuit of a man whom he had never beheld, but concerning whom his keen eyes had taught him useful facts. He had observed; he had OBSERVED CAREFULLY. But is it only Red Indians who may possess the habit of CAREFUL OBSERVATION? We all should. Boys and girls also? Certainly, boys and girls also. The world we live in is not like a prison, of which the four walls and the grated window and the furniture are ever the same. The world changes from day to day, and the people change, and we change our place in the world, and the scenes are constantly new. Lazy people do not take the pains to watch, to notice, to observe, to remember. They do not observe the big stone in their path, and they trip over it; they do not see the approaching rain-cloud, and get drenched; they do not remember that to-day is Thursday and the shops will be shut in the evening, and they go on a long errand to the draper's store only to find it closed; they do not perceive that mother is pale and tired, and they shout and romp and give her needless pain.

"Oh, it is so much trouble to be always observing!"

Is it, indeed, such a trouble? Why.

I have seen children play at the game of *Observation*, and they thought it charming. I recollect how a party of boys and girls amused themselves one Christmas by going into a room and gazing at the articles on the table for a minute; and then, in another room, they wrote out what they remembered. They thought it fun; they laughed and smiled; and they applauded loudly when Amy Edwards came out at the head of them all with this wonderful list:—"Ball, sugar, penny, apple, lemon, brush, card, jam, gloves, cake, bottle, lamp, plate, saucer, kaleidoscope [she could not spell this properly, so she put *k'scope*], pencil, box, beads, soap, nut-crackers, basket, sweets, matches, tongs, knitting-needles, ball of wool, scrap book, watch, needle-case."

This was only an amusement; but I do not see why we should not amuse ourselves in this way all our lives. Let me tell you of little Peter, who, at the age of seven, had already become practised in the art of observation. One evening he was walking with two or three companions of his own age. The moon shone with its bright, full, silver globe; and thin clouds flew over the sky; for the wind blew briskly. The children exclaimed that the moon was moving fast, and it did appear so. But Peter said no; it was the clouds that moved. They laughed, and said he was wrong. Peter took them near a large tree, and bade them look at the moon through the outspread branches. They saw the moon in the fork of two boughs, and it remained there, while the clouds hurried by like a flock of snowy sheep. The children confessed that Peter was right. And he always loved to observe; above everything he loved to observe the sun, the moon, the twinkling planets and stars; and he rose to be a wise astronomer. The full name of this learned French astronomer was Peter Gassendi.

The Indian observed for his own sake; Amy Edwards also observed for her own amusement, though it amused her companions too; and little Gassendi observed so shrewdly that he was able to teach a useful fact to his young friends. You see, then, that our careful observation is not only helpful to ourselves, but also to our neighbours.

Miss Florence Nightingale (you have often heard of this noble lady) could never have done so much service to the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimean War if she had not exercised great care in choosing food and medicine, in fastening bandages, in arranging the beds, in a thousand little things. And she wished to teach other people to be careful and observant. But what a task she sometimes found it! Once she said to a woman who helped her about the house: "Please fetch me the large, new, red book, bound in cloth, which lies on the table by the window." The woman presently brought Miss Nightingale five small, old, brown books bound in cardboard from a shelf near the fireplace! You can easily think of annoyance which is caused to other people by carelessness in listening, carelessness in looking. Annoyance! Ah, sometimes a much worse thing may happen; danger perhaps; perhaps even death. A new ship had just been launched on its trial-trip. The people cheered as it cleaved the green water of the harbour. The flag fluttered, the music played, the steam puffed proudly. But in the machinery a tap had been closed which ought to have been left open. The man in charge did not notice the error. The steam was pent-up till it burst its way out; and several lives were lost in the explosion; and the merry scene changed to one of gloom and tears. Perhaps (I do not know) the man in charge of the machinery was kind-hearted, and too merciful to hurt a sparrow or a worm. But it is not enough to be kind; we must also keep our wits active, and our eyes alert, and our ears quick to catch the passing word; and good people must be observant people.

And when they have carefully observed they must *carefully tell* what they have seen. In the story of the Israelites

you remember how Twelve Spies were sent in advance to survey the land in which the tribes hoped to settle. They carried back rich bunches of grapes and figs and pomegranates; but ten of these men brought an evil *report*. In the new strange country they had seen strong towers and armed warriors, and they let their fancy overcome them, and in terror they cried: "The people are strong, and the people are giants!" The Israelites believed the false report, and trembled with fear, and shrank back from their purpose; and all their camp was filled with weeping and complaint. A whole nation may be troubled by a false report.

Sometimes I have taken children to see the noble Houses of Parliament at Westminster, where Sir Robert Peel used to speak, and John Bright and William Ewart Gladstone. I always point up to the gallery and say: "There sit the reporters; and when the members of the House of Commons make speeches the reporters listen with the greatest care and write out the swift words in their note-books, in order that the newspapers may print them and carry them over the wide world." And suppose a reporter were careless and mistook what was said: the printed lines would read wrongly, and the public would misunderstand, and perhaps find fault with a Member of Parliament for saying what he had not really said. So, if you please, reporters, be careful. For you boys and girls who sit listening to me—you are reporters every day of your lives. You report to your companions, your teachers, your parents, your brothers and sisters. And when you carry the true report to your school or your home, you are like the great artists who gaze with such wondrous keenness at things in the sky and on the earth, and trace them with pencil and brush into beautiful pictures.

Sometimes you will be asked to explain things to other people. An old lady may meet you and ask you the road to the hospital, or to the village. You know the way very well, but bear in mind that she knows nothing, and you have to make it clear to her. *Direct* her carefully. A careless direction may send her wandering to the right instead of the left, past the farm instead of past the church, and her weary steps will totter and her heart grow sick with the long journey.

Look at the picture on the blackboard. You see a small heap of earth, and by it stands a Roman soldier with a spade; he and his comrades are digging; they are ordered to raise a wall of earth all round their camp in order to protect them from the enemy by night. Now I take the chalk and make the heap larger; we will suppose the soldiers have been busy piling up the soil. They call this mound an *agger*. Again I add to it, and the *agger* grows and swells. I am *ex-agger-ating* it, or increasing it. My chalk has been engaged in EXAGGERATION.

Once, when the soldiers were riding by at a review, a boy slipped and fell, and his coat was covered with white dust. That was all; the boy scrambled up and laughed. What tale, do you think, was repeated from mouth to mouth until it reached his home and frightened his poor parents? Why that Edwin had rolled under the horses' feet and got his arm broken! The little mishap was *exaggerated* into a large and serious one.

Do not exaggerate. If the rain falls gently, do not say it pours torrents. If you cut your finger slightly, do not say you received an awful gash. If your schoolfellow makes a small mistake in conversation, do not say she is telling untruths. If your playmates sometimes poke a little fun at you, do not say they are cruel and hard-hearted.

Your eye, your ear, your tongue, are your three little servants. Look after your servants, and keep them honest and loyal, so that the EYE shall see clearly, and the EAR shall hear precisely, and the brave little TONGUE shall take the true message.

Lesson XXVII

KNOWLEDGE

Things which people love. The love of knowledge. The rich gift of a bright mind. Knowledge a kind of riches. Examples of men who loved knowledge. People who are learned yet not kind are like dead men adorned with jewels.

You can tell me of many things which people love. The mother loves?—her child. The miser loves?—his money. The glutton loves?—food, and more and more food. The idler loves?—sleep, and the folding of the hands. The soldier loves?—the rush and roar of the fight. The astronomer loves?—the sight of the glorious stars. Yes, but suppose he not only loves the stars; suppose he turns with delight to trees and flowers and examines how they grow: suppose he watches animals and studies how they behave; or bends over books and turns page after page and forgets how the hours go by, until the light of the sun fades and he must needs fetch the lamp—in all these different directions he still loves one thing, and that is KNOWLEDGE. He loves to *know*.

Suppose that I love money, and place my gold pieces and my gleaming silver in a safe or a strong box; can the thing I love be taken from me? Yes, the burglar may come and break open the lock and rob me of my precious treasure. And suppose I have learned and learned and learned until my mind is stored with knowledge, as if it were a chest crammed with valuable articles; can the thing I love be taken from me? Not easily; certainly not by robbers; though it might be taken from me if I lost my reason, my wit and sense. You and I will be glad that we have this beautiful reason—this clear mind—so that we can see and learn, and know, and love, and think, and wonder.

"How bright that boy's face is," whispered a lady to me, as she pointed towards a lad who sat smiling among the children at a festival. So it was; but I knew the boy was poor, and I had seen his mother weep because she could not buy him good clothes. But he had the rich gift of a bright mind; he could gaze at the world about him, and learn from it, and reason about it.

In olden times there was a man named Stilpo who loved learning and the getting of wisdom, and so he was called Stilpo the philosopher. The city in which he dwelt was besieged and captured by the army of the great general Demetrius (*De-mé-trius*). With rage and shouting the soldiers broke in and burned and plundered. Demetrius was anxious to protect Stilpo from harm and loss, and as he rode through the streets, he met him, and eagerly asked if his goods had been saved from the violence of the soldiers. Stilpo smiled. "No one has robbed me," he said, "for I found no soldier who wanted to steal my knowledge." You see he counted his knowledge to be a kind of riches, and, though the enemies might loot his house and take his furniture, they could not snatch his thoughts and his memory.

When we were talking the other day about Self-reliance, I gave you the story of the young Cleanthes, who, by night and in the early morning, drew water and ground corn in a handmill in order to earn a few coppers and pay for admis-

sion to Zeno's lectures. When Zeno died, Cleanthes took his place and taught the young men of Athens about the heavens and the earth and the right rules of conduct. Still he was poor, even when a teacher. One day he attended the public games, and watched the athletes run and wrestle. A brisk breeze was blowing, and blew aside his mantle, and the people saw his bare skin, for he had no under-tunic. The good philosopher must be cold, they whispered; and a tunic was bought and presented to him. No one despised him, however; when the poor teacher passed through the streets the citizens saluted him with respect. His knowledge and wisdom made him great.

Now, these were Greeks, and the Greeks have given us many noble things—Homer's tale of the siege of Troy, and his story of the travels and adventures of Ulysses; and grandly carved statues and stately temples, and the clever measuring of lines and angles which at school you call Euclid, or geometry. But there was another nation who loved knowledge of a different kind; I mean the Jews. I will tell you of poor Hillel. His parents were dead; he had no friends who could do much for him. He saved a few pence, so that he might go, morning by morning, to the school of the old Rabbi. Hillel sat among the young men and listened eagerly to the Rabbi as he spoke of Moses with the tables of stone, and the golden ark in the temple, and the work of the white-robed priests, and the burning of beasts upon the altar, and the rules which kept people quiet on the Sabbath day—all this, you know, was the Jewish Law. But one sad day Hillel lost his employment. The doorkeeper would not admit him to the school without the fee, and poor Hillel had scarce a crust to eat.

"To-morrow," said Hillel to himself, "I will hear the Rabbi's lesson on the Law."

At night he climbed upon the flat roof of the little college, and laid himself down by the skylight, through the small openings of which he might catch the voice of the grey-haired Rabbi. He slept, and the snow fell, and the flakes piled themselves upon the half-frozen limbs of the poor scholar. In the morning the school assembled, and they noticed the darkness of the room; for Hillel had turned uneasily in his sleep, and lay upon the skylight. They looked up and saw the strange figure; and some of them climbed to the roof and then brought Hillel down, and warmed his trembling body at the fire. The Rabbi said that a youth who loved learning as Hillel did ought to attend the class free. Then the poor lad was happy, and in due time he became very learned in the law, and was himself a famous Master, or Rabbi. Presently I will tell you another little story from the life of Hillel.

Long centuries after the time of Hillel a young man lived in Paris. His clothes sadly needed mending. He wrote a letter to one of his friends, and said: "As soon as I get money, I will buy first Greek books, and then clothes"—for he loved to bend over the old volumes in which he could read the wisdom of the teachers of Athens. The name of this young student was Erasmus, of whom you will be sure to hear often again.

I will speak next of a famous man who lies buried in Westminster Abbey—Charles Darwin. He also was fond of knowledge—not so much the knowledge of the Greek books, or of the law which Hillel loved. Darwin looked at worms and beetles, at bees and ants, at pigeons and pheasants, at moles and pigs, and horses and giraffes, at fruit-trees, fir-trees and flowers, and the bones of monkeys, apes, and men. He loved to learn the manner in which plants grew, and animals grew, and the way in which men had grown from wild creatures of the forest to be good Englishmen, good Germans, good Frenchmen, good Italians, good Hindoos. When a young man, he held the office of

naturalist (student of plants and animals) on her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, which sailed round the world. He collected many rare objects, and placed them in his cabin; but ofttimes the rocking of the sailing ship made him so sick that he was compelled to lie down for hours. He lived forty-five years after this voyage, and his life was full of pain, and yet full of work. He found out many facts, and wrote his knowledge in many books. "My life goes on like clockwork," he used to say. Every day he worked at two particular times—from eight till half-past nine in the morning, and from half-past four till half-past five in the afternoon. The rest of the day he was in his garden, or in the woods, or amusing himself with his friends or children —nearly always suffering, yet always ready to watch what went on in the world, and to learn.

All the men I have told you about were teachers. They had wise thoughts concerning man and man's life and man's work. They did not stay in gloomy caves, or in libraries, but they went out and told their fellow-men what they thought of the world and of our place and duty in the world. The knowledge that we take into our heads by reading and schooling is like the oil in the lamp; the oil is of no use till the wick is lighted, and then it gives brightness on all sides. And so we learn at school or college in order that we may help ourselves and help other people.

A man went to the Jewish Rabbi Shammai, and asked him, with a smile, to repeat the whole Law while standing on one foot! Now, the Law consisted of many commandments and rules, and it would take weeks and months to explain it all, and no teacher could stand so long on one foot. Shammai raised his stick, and drove the man angrily away. Then the man visited Rabbi Hillel, and put the same request to him. Hillel thought for a moment, and then he answered: "*What thou wouldst not like done to thyself, do not do to thy neighbour; this is the whole law, and its application is, Go and do this.*" The "application" of a law means the way in which we ourselves are to carry it out, instead of simply talking about it.

You will agree that Hillel would be able to repeat those words in a very short time.

If we have learned much about the sun and moon, and natural history, and the figures of geometry, and arithmetic, and electricity, and manufacturing, but at the end of it all we are selfish in heart and unjust to our neighbour, then we are like dead men with rings upon their hands and gold embroidery on their limbs, and crowns upon their heads. They are covered with rich things, yet they cannot use them for the good of the world.

Lesson XXVIII

KNOWLEDGE—(*concluded*)

Knowledge gained not only from books, but from observation of the world about us. All our life we should be learning. War is the enemy of knowledge. Knowledge gives us skill and strength; gives pleasure to ourselves and others; and it gives us power to help our neighbours.

Here upon the blackboard I will pin another of my puzzle-pictures. In the centre you see a boy's head, and his head is surrounded by a circle of various objects, and from all these objects rays of light appear to stream into the boy's brain. Now the rays are rays of knowledge, and the picture means that he draws his knowledge from the different objects in the circle. Let us

note what they are. First we observe a fish, a butterfly, an eagle, a snake, a horse; from these he learns Natural History. A tree, a sunflower; from these he learns Botany. A cliff washed by the waves, a hill overlooking the rippling brook in the valley; from these he learns Geology. A sparkling group of stars; from these he learns Astronomy. A cottage, a temple, a palace; from these he learns Architecture. A picture, a statue, a wrought-iron gate; from these he learns Art. A shelf of books: from these he learns poetry, history, stories. And there are many more things in the circle of knowledge. Do you see, then, that boys and girls should gain knowledge from all the world around them; from books, but not only from books? I spoke the other day about watching and observing the world in which we live. I ask you to keep open your bright eyes to pick up knowledge from the green grass, from the fluttering moth, the leaping squirrel, the broken stone, the walls and archways of buildings.

From archways, I said. There was once a young Welshman who did that. His name was William Edwards, and he was born in Glamorganshire in 1719. He learned to build stone-walls for fences round fields. As he grew in skill he became a house-builder. He longed to be able to construct an arch. An arch is a most beautiful thing, spanning over our heads like a rainbow, with its strong keystone in the middle. Young Edwards often strolled up to the ruined castle near his home, and there stood gazing at the arched gateway of the ivy-covered tower; and he learned the secret. An order was given to him to build a mill across a stream, and it must needs have a strong arch; and Edwards planned it and made it, and the people saw it and wondered at its fine appearance. In later years he became a famous arch-maker, for he was a builder of bridges.

Do not think, then, that you can become wise simply by reading books. I have sometimes met people who have read very many books and yet are rather stupid, and care very little about being useful to the world. There are even people who are "book-gluttons"; they read, read, read, and read too much, just as there are people who eat, eat, eat, and eat too much. These book-gluttons do not truly learn anything; they only swallow heaps of words.

How long should we keep on getting knowledge? Till we have passed the seventh standard, or taken a prize in the sixth form, or received a college-certificate in a gilt frame?

I must tell you of the aged man who went to school. A cardinal once passed along the streets of Rome, and met an old bent man, who trudged slowly along in the snow; for it sometimes snows even in sunny Italy.

"Where are you going?" asked the cardinal.

"I am going to the school of sculpture to study," answered the old man.

This old learner was Michael Angelo, one of the most famous sculptors of the world—he that carved the statue of David, the statue of Moses, and many other noble pieces. He could teach the world; but he was ready to be taught.

Of another old scholar I have a story. This was Sir William Herschel, the astronomer. Year after year in his long life he studied the splendid sky, and never got tired. At the sight of a new star or a new comet he was delighted. He would show it to his friends. It was a pleasure to him to call people to look upwards, away from things mean and small and worthless to the great fire-globes of heaven. Above all, he liked to show them to his sister Caroline, who helped him in all his work. In 1819 he was past eighty years of age, and you might think he would no longer be interested, or he would feel he had learned enough. No, he still was eager to see more. In that year he sent a note to his sister one day, saying: "Lina, there is a great comet. I want you to assist me. If you can come soon after one o'clock,

we shall have time to prepare maps and telescopes. I saw its situation last night. It has a long tail." Think of the old astronomer peeping through the telescope and wondering at the majestic comet, whose long, shining tail hung across the dark blue of the sky. For old men can wonder as well as children.

The boy who tries hard to learn all about the wheels and levers and valves of a steam-engine; the girl who struggles to understand her French book; the man who finds out some new way of weaving, or smelting metal, or driving cars—all these people are like soldiers who conquer new countries. They carry on a great war against all that is idle or stupid. Soldiers in this war are nobler than soldiers who brandish sabres or hurl shells into towns and villages. At least, so I think; but all people do not think so. Men who learn are building up; but men who fight with bayonet or maxim-gun are throwing down.

In olden times the city of Syracuse, on the coast of Sicily, was besieged by the Roman ships. The Romans gained the mastery, and entered the town. A famous sage named Archimedes (*Ar-ke-mee-dees*) was kneeling on the floor drawing circles and lines in chalk, and thinking out a problem in geometry. He heard not the noise in the streets, for he was so intent upon his task. A Roman soldier entered, and called upon Archimedes to follow him as a prisoner.

"Do not interrupt me; keep off my circle," cried the scholar; "wait till I have done."

The soldier, who understood only how to kill people, raised his sword, and smote Archimedes a deadly blow, and the scholar's blood was spilt upon the pattern which he had drawn upon the floor. The man of the sword slew the man of learning. War is the enemy of knowledge.

But that is a sad story. Let me tell you a brighter one before I leave off this talk. It is about a Scot, Thomas Edwards, who was born in 1814. In the year 1831 young Edwards joined the Aberdeen militia, and one day was drilling with his comrades on an open space near the sea. All of a sudden he left the ranks, and rushed like a madman over the sand-hills, here, there, forward, backward, zig-zag, up, down! A corporal and several men were sent in pursuit. At length they seized Thomas, and he was marched in disgrace across the parade-ground towards the barracks, where he would be punished by confinement in a cell. The party was met by an officer and some ladies. What had the prisoner done? asked the ladies. Then he confessed that he had caught sight of a rare butterfly such as he had long desired to see, and in his eagerness to add it to his box of specimens (for he was very fond of natural history) he forgot the discipline of the soldier, and dashed over the sand-hills in the vain attempt to capture it. The ladies begged that the young militiaman might be let off, and he was at once released. He thought science was more important than war! I must tell you Edwards was by trade a shoemaker; but in his leisure hours he collected a set of 916 sorts of insects, which he stored in a garret. Alas, the rats found his butterflies and beetles, and devoured all his treasures except the wings and the pins! Brave Thomas; he did not despair, but persevered in making another collection, which he completed in four years. I wish, indeed, that all our fighting-men could "lay down their arms," and discover knowledge that would be useful and joyous, instead of studying how to slay and break and scatter and destroy.

Why, then, should we care to get knowledge?

1. Because knowledge gives us skill—skill to do tasks, skill to help ourselves, skill to make watches, or pianos, or carpets, or houses, or roads, or railways, or telegraphs, or other useful things. We love to be strong in hand and eye; it is better than being giants.

2. Because it gives pleasure both to ourselves and to other people. I have seen hundreds of children learn to write,

and many of them wrote well, and many badly. I do not believe one of the bad writers cared for his bad writing; it gave him no pleasure. But the good writers took a joy in their bold, clear letters; they would hold their heads back, and look proudly at their excellent copies; and other people found pleasure in looking also. How brightly glow the eyes of the girl who plays her pianoforte piece with skill; there is a smile upon her face; and the people that sit round listen gladly, and thank her; and she forgets all the hard toil of the learning.

3. Because it gives us power to help others. A reaper in the harvest-field fell upon his sharp sickle, and his leg bled copiously. The people stood round in terror and dismay. A woman pushed her way through the crowd, and she bound a strip of linen very tightly round the reaper's leg above the wound, so as to stay the flow of blood until the doctor came. Her knowledge helped her to save a fellow-creature's life.

These are rich people—the people who have won the knowledge to perform good work, who have learned how to please their neighbours by their wise words or neatness and readiness and artistic skill, and who have gained the power to help their fellow-men.

Lesson XXIX

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH

Things people search after. The search after truth about the earth; about the heavens.

A lady was being helped into a railway carriage. Her face was pale; her head drooped wearily; her fingers were thin; she sighed when her friends had seated her, as comfortably as they could, by the window. She looked out at the bustling crowds on the platform—the porters, the guards, the soldiers, the children, the nurses, the old lady with twenty bundles; but she never smiled. She was in search of something. I looked up at the name-board attached to the carriage, and I saw the train was going to a place at the sea-side—a place of yellow sands, and of cliffs and caves, and bright gardens, and tall, dark pine-trees. Then I knew what this lady was in search of. She was searching for *health*. She hoped when the sea-breeze blew in her face it would bring freshness to her blood, and hope to her sad heart.

"Yes, sir," said a man who was about to step into the same train, "I expect to make a good bargain of it. The plot of land I have bought lies near the cliffs. On this land, sir, I shall build a hotel with five hundred rooms in it. There will be a most splendid view from the windows, across the bay, including the lighthouse and the sea-gulls' island. I shall do a fine business, sir. I shall make a profit of fifty per cent., sir."

This man was in search of *wealth*.

"Ha, ha!" laughed young Harry, who had just taken his seat, and was bidding good-bye to his cousin Gordon; "you won't know me when I come back, my face will be so brown. I shall bathe every morning; I shall go boating; I shall play tennis; I shall have picnics in Greenwood Forest; I shall take long spins on my bicycle; I shall go to the concert; I shall have feasts of lobster."

This young man was in search of *enjoyment*.

A fourth person was entering the same train, and he was talking quietly to a companion.

"They say this cave runs several hundred feet into the Blackstone Hill, and that in the floor of this cave have been found the bones of hyænas and bears along with the bones of men. You see it is thousands and thousands of years since the hyæna and bear lived in this country, and so it will prove that man lived on this earth a very long time ago—long before the period when many people suppose the world began. I shall examine the cave very carefully day after day until I can find out all the facts."

This man was in search of truth. I shall talk about men who have searched for different kinds of truth.

Some search for truth about the *earth we live on*. Such was David Livingstone, who was born near Glasgow in 1813. His father kept a small shop, and was poor. David, at the age of ten, was sent to work in a cotton-spinning factory, a great ugly building with hundreds of windows and with tall smoking chimneys. From six in the morning till eight in the evening the lad toiled in the dreary cotton-mill. Yet he had a great passion—a great love—for learning. He attended a night school from eight till ten o'clock. Often he

read and read till his mother snatched the book from his hand and bade him go to bed. Afterwards he became a student at Glasgow University, though he had little money, and his food was often only oatmeal. He studied and studied till he became a doctor—Dr. Livingstone. In 1840 he went as a preacher to the Cape of Good Hope. The rest of his life he travelled in Africa, meeting lions (once a lion left the marks of its teeth on the Doctor's arm), talking kindly to brown Kaffirs and Arabs, to black negroes, sorrowing when he saw people in slavery, and trying to persuade people to put a stop to the wickedness of buying, selling, and ill-treating African natives. He was eager to find out the secrets of the Dark Continent—the secrets of its streams, its great waterfalls, its broad blue lakes, its forests, its mountains, and the beginning of the vast River Nile. He wished to know more, more; not to get gain for himself, but that white men might understand Africa, and make colonies in it, and make the Africans more peaceable and more wise. It is true that Europeans have often done evil to the natives of the Dark Continent; but Livingstone never showed them the bad example. He never lifted his arm to shoot or injure a fellow-man. And when he had searched the land for many years, he fell ill, and laid down and died in a little hut in May, 1873; and the black men, who loved him, carried his body, wrapped in bark, to the distant seashore; and now he rests in Westminster Abbey.

Some search for truth about the *heavens*. Many years ago, night after night, a man used to sit at a garret window and watch the sky and the glittering stars. All around the streets were quiet; the citizens were asleep. This watcher alone kept awake, and, as he gazed, he drew maps and diagrams, and wrote many notes in his books. Sometimes he would mount the narrow stairs of the high cathedral tower, and, from one of the topmost little windows, he would continue his search for truth. He felt more and more sure the teachers at the colleges were mistaken when they said the earth stood still and the sun rolled round it day by day and month by month. No; it was otherwise. The big radiant sun kept its place, and the earth and the moon and the other planets wheeled round it in immense circles. It was a deep joy to him to think of all this, and he forgot his weariness and coldness as he dreamed of it. But he almost feared to tell the people what he had found. For the priests of the Church might fall upon him in anger and put a curse upon him for teaching such new ideas. But he explained his discoveries in a book, and the printer brought the book to him as he lay on his death-bed. This was in 1543; and the watcher's name was Kopernik, or Copernicus. His map of the sun and planets (very much as we now learn it at school) shows us what is called the Copernican system.

In Italy, about twenty years after the death of the watcher at the steeple-window (1564), a baby was born who was one day to bear a famous name. When he grew to boyhood and manhood, he felt a strong desire to learn things useful and wonderful. Many people about him looked at him with frowning and jealousy, for they did not care to see a young man so ready to discover new facts. When he was sure a thing was true, he would go and tell it openly to everybody, and his frankness offended the priests, for they wished the people to learn only from the Church. Once, indeed, young Galileo did learn from a church—from the lamps in the cathedral of Pisa. One evening an attendant was lighting the lamps that hung by chains from the roof, and, as he passed along, he left them swinging from side to side. Galileo looked keenly and steadily. Surely these lamps took no longer to swing a wide swing than a short one. He felt his pulse, and counted the beats—yes, it was true, that

great bronze lamp took four beats to go from right to left; and, now that it swings a less distance, it still takes four beats! Galileo goes home, and hangs a weight at the end of a cord, and swings it in long curves and short curves; they all occupy the same number of pulses, or throbs. Galileo feels as glad as if he had lit upon a casket of precious jewels. He has found a new truth, which is afterwards turned to good use in making the pendulums of clocks.

Later on this learned Italian put glasses into a tube, and looked upwards to sun, moon, and stars. He had made the first telescope. And, as the breast of David Livingstone swelled with joy when he beheld a new river, a new lake, a new range of mountains in Africa, so Galileo experienced delight at the new scenes which his little telescope uncovered to his eyes. The Milky Way spreads its band of white mist across the night sky; Galileo's telescope told him that it was made of countless brilliant stars. The sun blazes with golden flame; Galileo's telescope showed him dark spots in the midst of the brightness. The planet Jupiter rolls around the sun; Galileo's telescope unveiled to him four tiny moons revolving round Jupiter (since then a fifth moon has been noticed). The planet Saturn appears to the naked eye as a simple silver ball; Galileo's telescope proved to him that Saturn was girdled with a belt, or band. And, like Copernicus, he declared that the earth wheeled round the sun. Would you not think that all the people would join in Galileo's wonder, and feel happy with him in his new knowledge? Would you not think the folk would tell one another in the market-place: "Galileo has seen strange and beautiful things in the sky; let us be thankful to him for telling us what he has seen"? Alas, no! Most people called him wicked for teaching ideas about the heavens which the priests of the Church could not find in their holy books. Galileo was put in prison for a year; he became blind; he died in disgrace in the year 1642. He was a noble soul; you and I will love to think of him, because he loved to think of true things.

Like Copernicus and Galileo was young James Ferguson. His father was a Scotch labourer, and James was the youngest child. While the elder boys learned to read, little James listened, and picked up his letters and words, and he used to ask an old dame the meanings of the words his brothers repeated. One day the father found, to his astonishment, that James could read; and he thought the boy deserved to be taught more, and he showed him how to write. James was set to work as a shepherd-boy. The sheep gave very little trouble, and he had many leisure hours, during which he made models of windmills and spinning-wheels. His chief pleasure was to wait till the red sunset faded out of the sky, and over the rugged Scotch mountains gleamed the army of the stars. Wrapped in a blanket, and with a lighted candle at his side, James sat in the meadow like a small ghost! He held up a thread on which beads were strung, and he would turn to a group of stars, such as the seven in the Great Bear, and move a bead until it covered up one star, and another bead until it covered another star.

"The distance between the two stars," he would murmur to himself, "appears on the thread to be an inch and a half."

Then he would turn to a paper and mark dots on it to represent the stars at that distance. Again holding up his thread and beads, he proceeded to observe other stars, and thus he worked out a map of the heavens.

"Ha, ha, ho," laughed the farmer one day, when he caught sight of James Ferguson's curious map.

But his face became serious when he learned the meaning of the marks, and he saw in the shepherd-boy's eyes a light that told of his gladness in searching for truth. He encouraged James to make large, clean copies of his star-maps. In

after years Ferguson was known as a skilful astronomer, and he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—F.R.S. A "fellow" means a companion. The young shepherd had become a companion of wise men.

Lesson XXX

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH—(*concluded*)

Searching for truth about light, lightning, the human body, and the social body. It is a noble thing to search for the way to raise the fallen. Motto: "I seek after truth, by which no man ever yet was injured."

Many great men have spent much time in searching for truth about the *light*, the glorious light which shines upon snowy hills, and wide green forests, and rolling seas, and castles, and villages, and which tries to peep through windows of houses in the close streets of cities. One of these was Sir Isaac Newton. When he was a baby he was so tiny his mother declared she could put him into a quart pot. As a boy he found pleasure in making models—he constructed a wooden clock; he built a small windmill with linen sails, and he placed in it a wee mouse to act as miller; he made kites which carried lighted lanterns at the end of their tails and floated through the evening air and astonished the country people. In the year 1666 he tried experiments with a five-sided bar, or prism, of glass. He darkened the room by closing the window with a shutter. At a hole in this shutter he fixed a prism. The sunlight passed through the hole, then through the glass, and then fell upon a board or screen, and behold! the white light was divided into seven kinds of light, like a rainbow—red rays, orange rays, yellow rays, green rays, blue rays, indigo rays, violet rays. So also the sunlight flashes through the raindrops, and breaks into sevenfold colours and spreads over the sky the coloured band of the rainbow. In the soap-bubbles, also, you will see light broken up into these colours, and glowing with the beauty of precious stones. Sir Isaac (so the story runs) one day stood at a window blowing bubbles and gazing at them earnestly as they glided on the breeze. A boy who was passing laughed aloud at so odd a sight. The boy's father checked him and said: "You do not know what you are laughing at; that is Sir Isaac Newton studying the laws of light."

Look at this picture. You see a little girl on the beach. She is picking up white, yellow, and pink stones which the tide has washed clean, and she drops them into her pail. Out yonder there is the wide, wide sea which sweeps round the globe to the far Cape, to India, to New Zealand; but of this ocean she knows nothing. And once when a lady told Sir Isaac Newton how she admired his learning and his science, he thought of such a child as this: he thought how little he knew, after all, of the vast world; he had only picked up little ideas here and there; and he answered humbly: "Alas! I am only like a child, picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth." Newton died in March, 1727, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey. If ever you visit the Abbey, look at his tomb, and, if you speak, speak in whispers.

Yes, and even for the truth about *lightning*, men have searched. In olden times people supposed the streaks of lightning were flames caused by the thunder-bolts which the gods flung towards the earth. Benjamin Franklin

thought they must be electric fires, kindled by the meeting together of electric forces from the earth and the storm clouds. Could he draw this electricity from the cloud? Could he attract it by an iron wire, and cause it to pass down towards the earth and give out a lightning spark? He made a kite of silk and cedar-wood. Then he waited for a day of tempest. One day (in June, 1749), he saw the sky black with thunder clouds. He went out on Philadelphia common and let the kite rise. He knew that water was a good conductor, or carrier, of the electric force, and hoped that, as soon as the string became wet, it would carry the electricity downwards. But not into his hand; he protected his hand with a silk handkerchief, because silk is a non-conductor. And he tied a key to the cord to collect the current as it descended. The rain fell; Franklin's coat was drenched; the string was soaked, except at the end near his hand. Had the wire caught the unseen force, and was it thrilling in the cord, and had it flashed into the key? He had one hand free: with a finger of this hand he touched the key. A bright spark shot out. He had drawn lightning from the upper air. His heart pulsed with gladness at his success. He had discovered a new truth. And he made the truth useful. Franklin made copper wires or rods to conduct the lightning away from tall buildings into the earth. You will often see these conductors fixed to churches, towers, lofty pillars, and the tall chimneys of factories.

Or the search may be for truth about the *human body*. What strange fancies men have had concerning their own bodies. In Ceylon the natives believe that various diseases are the work of devils; and to frighten these devils away they cover their faces with ugly masks and dance with wild yells. You may see some of the masks in the British Museum. But you know diseases spring, not from devils, but from bad water, bad food, bad air, bad germs (they are, indeed, tiny living things, or, as people say, "organisms"), and these sometimes float from the skins of sick persons. Years ago, in France, England, and elsewhere, it was thought that a disease known as scrofula could be healed by kings, and many thousands of poor people would come to the king, and he would touch them, and they would go home believing they would soon be well. All this was fancy; and the only way to get rid of such fancies was to learn the truth about our bodies, our bones, muscles, skin, and blood; and then men would consider more wisely how to cure the diseases they suffer from, the "ills that flesh is heir to." One of these brave learners was William Harvey, an English physician. About the year 1618 he made known his discovery that our blood is always running—always circulating from the heart through the blood-vessels and back to the heart; that the heart pumps it into pipes called arteries, which become smaller and smaller as they branch off from the larger vessels, until, under the skin, they are thinner than hairs; and that then the blood flows from these small vessels into the veins, and the veins bear it to the beating heart; and from the little chambers of our heart—this warm heart that throbs always, and throbs more strongly when we are angry or joyful or in haste—the blood again rolls through the lungs and the arteries and veins. Think of the wonder of it—this crimson stream that runs and runs through the bodies of men and beasts and birds; and from it are formed muscle and bone and nerve and hair. The better we understand the build of our bodies, the better we understand how to keep them in health, and how to cure them of sickness. When men like Harvey studied the secrets of this "house we live in," they were like men looking into a beautiful temple and seeing great works and great truths which before had been hidden from the eyes of mankind.

There is another body about which men search for truth. When you and I

see the army march past, or the sailors man the yards of a ship-of-war, or the policemen at their posts, or the firemen on their engine, or the people who hurry to the tram-car, pass in and out of shops, labour in fields, toil in the mines, or gather at the theatre, we know that we are all bound together in one society, one nation, one *social body*. Now, often things go wrong in the social body: people suffer hunger; they live in wretched homes; they perhaps break out in riots. All this shows there is a disease; a cure is needed. Ah! it is not easy to find the cure. But we should think about it, and do our best. Those who do not care about it are bad men and bad women. If a man lay dying in the street, and people passed him by with a cold glance, and never stayed a moment to say a word of pity and try to lend a helping hand, you would think them selfish. And so they are selfish who see the poor live and pine in unwholesome dwellings and in endless toil, and yet never have a fellow-feeling for them. Now, you remember how William Harvey assisted us to understand our bodies by showing us how the blood circulates. And it will help the men and women who seek to make the poor happier if they know just where the poor are to be found, and how they earn their living (such as it is), and what it is that keeps them from rising to a better life. On June 14th, 1898, there was a crowded meeting at Cambridge. Up to the platform stepped various gentlemen who were to receive honourable names (degrees) from the University. One was an actor; another was an architect; another was a painter, and so on. And one was a man who had spent years in searching for the truth about the Life and Labour of the People in London. He had sent out bands of messengers all over the great city, to workshops and factories, to schools and workhouses, to thousands of streets and lanes and courts; and these ladies and gentlemen put down all the facts they learned about the food and lodging and trades of the working people. And Mr. Charles Booth arranged all the facts in nine books; and he made maps—such sad maps—in which you can see the poorest streets marked black and dark blue. No man can now pretend that he does not know where the poor Londoners are, and how sorrowful is their need.

When a soldier is shot by a bullet the surgeons first find where the bullet is. Mr. Booth has found the bullet; he has found where the people suffer. That will not cure them; but it will help the beginning of the cure. You boys and girls are to help as you grow older. You and I and all of us will think what we can do; we must search for plans to save the poor.

It is noble to search for truth about the earth; the heavens; the light; the lightning; the human body. It is manly; it is the work of man; for the weaker animals cannot search for truth as we can. But one of the noblest and manliest things is to search for the way to raise the fallen and lift our brothers from the dust.

So go to school; and con your books; and observe the world you live in; and say what a great Emperor of Rome said: "I seek after truth, by which no man ever yet was injured."

LESSON XXXI

JUDGING JUSTLY

Examples showing how persons are misjudged. We should hear all sides of a question. We must be careful in our judgment in order to be just.

IN a lonely place, near a swamp in the United States, there stood an inn. One evening, as it was getting dark, a stranger knocked at the door, and asked for a lodging. The innkeeper stared and hesitated.

"I can't let you in here," he said; "you are suffering from some disease, and I don't want my family to catch it. Your face is very badly marked."

"My face?" exclaimed the traveller, "I see how it is your mistake has arisen. I am a botanist, and I have been gathering rare plants all day long in the swamp yonder, and the mosquitoes have bitten me, and caused my skin to turn red and swollen."

The innkeeper begged pardon, and invited Mr. Thomas Nuttall, the botanist, to enter the house. You see the man was too much in a hurry. He was not careful in his JUDGMENT. He *misjudged.*

A good while ago a boy sat by the fireside holding a spoon over the spout of a kettle. As the steam puffed from the kettle it was caught in the bowl of the spoon, and presently it had thickened or condensed into drops like dew. Again and again the boy tried the little experiment. His aunt, seeing him engaged in this way for so long a time, at length grew impatient, and cried :—

"James, don't be so idle! Why don't you find something useful to do?"

She *misjudged* him. Young James Watt was not a lazy lad. He was thinking whether there might not be a great power in steam, and whether a wise man might not be able to make use of its pushing force and its habit of changing so quickly from vapour to water. Could this strength in the steam be used in driving machinery? James Watt was a dull boy at school—at least people said so; but he was more thoughtful than they knew. He could see that the wretched little steam-engines which were employed at that time might be very much improved, and he made many improvements in these machines. If ever you visit a factory, and watch the flashing wheels, and the easy movement of rods and rollers and chains, as the paper is made, or the calico, or the carpet, etc., remember the name of James Watt. This famous engineer died in 1819. His aunt was far from supposing he would ever become so useful a man and such an honour to his native Scotland. She was *hasty* in her judgment.

Another boy—a Devonshire boy—was very fond of drawing. Whenever he could get hold of pencil and paper he sketched faces, and heads, and houses, and trees, and rocks. His father was the master of the grammar school and was not pleased at young Joshua's industry with his pencil. One day he snatched up a picture drawn by his son, and wrote on the back of it: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." The boy, however, persevered. He made so accurate a sketch of the school-house that his father's heart softened, and he decided that Joshua should be allowed to study

drawing. The boy became a notable artist, and all over the world people prize his beautiful portraits. His name you have no doubt often heard—Sir Joshua Reynolds. His father had misjudged him; but he discovered his mistake. The boy who appeared lazy worked with zeal at his tasks, and we gaze with pleasure upon the beautiful women and the rosy-winged boys (cherubs) whom this great artist has painted.

A crowd of people had assembled in the streets of a French town. One of the company, whose name was La Motte, trod upon another man's foot. The ill-tempered man turned upon La Motte, and struck him a violent blow on the head.

"Ah, sir," said La Motte, in a quiet voice, "you will surely be sorry for what you have done when you know that I am blind."

The man reddened with shame, and murmured an excuse. He had imagined in his haste that La Motte was but a rude or careless fellow, who deserved to be taught better manners. His unjust judgment led him to do so *mean* a thing as to strike a blind neighbour.

In the year 1896 an Italian general was walking along the road, and met a private, whose buff uniform and blue cloak showed many marks of wear and tear. You could guess, by the worn dress and the man's tanned face, that he had lately served in the war with the Abyssinians. But the private passed by the general without raising his hand to salute. The officer was offended. He turned round, and inquired the reason. The Italian soldier gave a jerk with his shoulders, and threw back the blue cloak. A sad sight showed itself. The man had no arms; the savage Abyssinians had cut them off. Tears filled the general's eyes. He embraced the soldier, and promised to take care of him. The unfortunate fellow had been misjudged. The officer had thought him guilty of want of respect; but his terrible wounds proved how he had suffered for the sake of his flag and his country.

One evening some ladies and gentlemen were sitting round a piano, enjoying the music which one of the party played. From this room a glass door led out into the garden. Presently one of the party uttered an exclamation:—

"Look at that young thief!"

It was a ragged and barefooted boy, about ten years old, who had crept in at the open door, and stood in the shadow of the curtains. With rough words he was ordered away, and he hastily fled. But he was not a thief. Poor as he was, his little soul was tender and honest. As he passed by the house he had heard the sound of music. Having been brought up in the country, he had never heard the notes of a piano before. His heart was touched. His chest heaved with strange, new feelings. Nearer and nearer he crept towards the charming player until, almost without knowing it, he stood within the room. Poor child, he had many hardships to pass through; but he rose above them, and learned the art of music, and, in after years, his hymn-tunes were sung in many homes. His name was Philip Bliss. And so the seeming thief turned out to be a lover of music. He had been unjustly judged.

Do you think we may ever misjudge *animals*? Let me remind you of the poem of "Llewellyn and his Dog."

The morning smiled gaily, and, at the sound of the hunters' horns, many dogs were preparing to follow their masters to the chase of the stag. At the castle gate the Welsh Prince Llewellyn had mounted his horse, and impatiently he blew upon his horn again, to summon his favourite hound, Gelert. The good dog did not appear, and the prince and his companions rode on along the valleys about Snowdon. Somehow or other, success did not reward the search of the huntsmen; everybody missed the faithful dog who used to be foremost in the chase. On his return the prince saw Gelert

bounding to meet him near the castle entrance. Llewellyn was alarmed to see that the dog's teeth and lips were crimson with blood. He hastily looked round the gateway, and sped up the narrow stairs that led to the chamber where he had left his infant son lying. On all sides he saw blood-marks. The bed was turned over in confusion.

> "He called his child; no voice replied;
> He searched with terror wild;
> Blood! blood he found on every side,
> But nowhere found his child."

Then the awful thought came into his mind that Gelert had killed and eaten the child. The prince drew his sword, and with one stroke slew the hound which had so long been his favourite. The noise of Gelert's dying yell awakened the child, who had been lying under the tumbled clothes on the floor. With great joy Llewellyn kissed his little son.

> "Nor wound had he, nor harm, nor dread,
> But, the same couch beneath,
> Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
> Tremendous still in death.

> "Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain?
> For now the truth was clear:
> The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
> To save Llewellyn's heir."

The prince had Gelert buried in the castle grounds, and, over the dog's grave, he raised a noble monument of marble. On the marble slab was engraved the story of how Gelert fought the wolf, and how his master had misjudged him, and how the prince never ceased to sorrow for his hasty deed.

You perceive, then, that we ought to look once, and look twice, and perhaps thrice and more, before we can be sure we have seen aright the conduct of our neighbour. We should look on more than one side. You have often heard of the two knights who quarrelled and fought about the shield? This shield was on the arm of the statue of a goddess, and one side was of gold and the other of silver. Each knight had only observed one side. One said it was silver; the other maintained it was gold; and both were partly right. They judged hastily about the shield; and they judged hastily about each other, each thinking the other was a teller of falsehoods. You understand, then, what people mean by the advice, "Look at both sides," or "Hear all sides." We have found that hasty judgment is likely to be unjust judgment. The boy or girl or man or woman whom we may think bad, or rude, or careless, or idle, or disagreeable, may turn out to be better than ourselves. You and I must be careful. Every day we are watching other people, and judging them. We are all judges. Let us be JUST JUDGES.

Lesson XXXII

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

Our different tastes with respect to colour, voices, clothes, animals, pictures, games, and occupations. Such differences of opinion are amusing, and often useful. We should respect each other's opinions.

Which do you like better, dark people or fair? Would you rather see people with brown hair, or black, or auburn, or flaxen? Do you prefer brown eyes, or blue, or grey? There are twenty boys and girls here; shall I ask you to vote? Come then, voters, to the poll, and be ready to raise your right hands. If you were to drop papers into a box or urn, your voting would be by ballot. But we do not want any secrets. You are not afraid of me, or of each other. And now, brave voters, attention! For brown eyes—nine! For blue—seven! For grey—four! We must have a second election, and choose between blue and brown. Free and independent electors, be ready! For brown eyes—nine again! For blue—eleven! Blue eyes have won by a majority of two. You are all laughing. I am laughing also, though my eyes are brown. Let us all clap hands in honour of the glorious blue eyes; and now again for the handsome brown; and yet again for the charming grey! The election is over. On the blackboard we will write the result of the poll:—

Blue eyes	11
Brown eyes	9
Majority for blue eyes ...	2

And now, electors, I will ask you a question. Which of you would like the eyes of all the people in the world to be blue? Not one! Which of you would wish to see all men and women, in the Old World or the New, possess brown eyes? Not one! Is there one of you who would care to turn all eyes into grey? Not one. Would you, then, say that it is pleasant or unpleasant to behold men and women with eyes of different colours? It is no doubt pleasant. The mother's blue eyes beam with love as she looks into the face of her baby; the baby's grey eyes laugh back in love at his mother; the father stands by, and in his brown eyes I see love for both the mother and the child. And so in all three colours we see the sparkle of one love.

Shall we next think of people's voices? Think of the baby's pretty coo-coo; the boy's shout; the girl's shrill laugh; the woman's gentle tones; the man's gruff accents. Would you wish that all voices should be alike? Would you care that all your companions at play should call to one another in just the same tones? No, I am sure you would rather hear many kinds of voices, just as, in music, it is more pleasing to listen to men and women mingling their treble, alto, tenor, and bass, than to listen to voices that all sound the same.

Our clothes also. You watch the people that pass, and remark great differences in their dress, in their costume—you notice the soldier and the policeman; the postman; the sailor; the fireman; the hospital nurse; the bride with her veil; the quiet colours of business men; the gayer hues of the

ladies; the pretty suits of the children. You will observe, too, in pictures, the various dresses of Arabs, Hindus, Chinese, Persians, Turks, Spaniards, and other nations. Do you think it would be an improvement if all the women wore clothes of one fashion? and the men dressed all in one pattern? and the children? By no means; for it would make the world seem very dull.

Shall we next go to the Zoological Gardens? The cages and the paddocks are full of life, but the life appears in many forms. Here it is clothed in feathers, there in fur, elsewhere in bristles, in scales, in thick leathery hides. The beetle has six legs, the lion four, the heron two, the cobra none. High overhead towers the stately giraffe; low on the ground creeps the humble tortoise. With what delight the children run from one scene to another, and how they wonder at each new form of animal life.

And so in eyes, in faces, in voices, in clothes, in the forms of life—and we might also add in plants and houses and gardens and books and a thousand other things, we take pleasure in finding DIFFERENCES.

Once there was a picture exhibition, and the walls were covered with many paintings. Crowds of people passed in and out of the rooms. Near the entrance-door stood a table, on which lay pencils, slips of paper, and a box with a slit in the lid. As each visitor was leaving, he was asked to write on three slips of paper the names of the three pictures he liked the best, and drop the slips into the box. When the show was closed, the papers or votes were added up. The list began in this way:—

Joan of Arc wounded at the siege of Orleans	10,421
The death of William Rufus	9,683
The Wreck of the Hesperus	9,112
View on the coast of Norway	8,777
Queen Mab in her chariot...	7,644

And so on. The people DIFFERED from one another in their ideas or OPINIONS of the pictures. Would you feel vexed and angry because all the visitors had not voted for your favourite picture of "Cinderella's Flight from the Palace"? Surely not. It is amusing to find that other people have different opinions about pictures from ourselves. We can tell each other why we voted, and we can laugh and joke, and perhaps learn something from our neighbours, and become wiser in judging pictures and other things of beauty.

Suppose I ask you next which is the game or amusement you love most of all? All your hands are raised! Let us hear the answers. Cricket—football — skipping — baseball — lawn-tennis — chess (there's a philosopher for you; this boy likes chess more than cricket and marbles!)—flying kites—hop-scotch —hare-and-hounds (or "paper-chase") —halma—and here is a little girl who says "oranges and lemons." What differences of opinion! Which of you will be the first to fly into a passion because the others will not agree? Not "oranges and lemons"; she looks too good-natured. Not "baseball"; he smiles like a well-behaved gentleman. No, none of you. And when the school has a half-holiday we shall all rush out, some to this game, some to that; we shall differ in our opinions and tastes, and yet we shall all be joyous; and the meadow will echo with our shouts.

Shall we look at the trades and occupations in which people are engaged? You will all of you, of course, like to earn your living some day. Let me ask you what business you will choose. A doctor—a sailor—a teacher—an electrical engineer — a basket-maker — a dressmaker—a farmer—a nurse—a type-writer—a gardener—a bricklayer—yes; all these will be right occupations for good men and women. And now tell

me if you would prefer that all people should be doctors? You laugh. Or shall they all be engine drivers? You laugh again. But do you think all men and women would wish to be doctors? Most certainly not. We need very many occupations to keep the world going, and it is a very happy thing that some persons like one trade, and some another, and so the great work gets done.

Let us stop one moment. We have seen that it is pleasant to notice differences in eyes, faces, voices, clothing, and other such things. We have seen that it is amusing, and even useful, for people to *differ in opinion* about pictures, play, and occupations. But the next step is not so easy.

Look at this picture, drawn by the Englishman Hogarth a hundred and fifty years ago. You see a village street along which streams a crowd of people, pushing, quarrelling, fighting. Some are carrying on their shoulders a chair in which sits a man very uncomfortably. He has just been elected a member of Parliament. Here are two men striking each other with sticks. A pig and her young ones are tumbling into the water. A woman is fainting. A showman has got in the way with his performing bear, and the poor creature looks frightened. The only quiet person is the old blind fiddler, who walks calmly on, playing amid the riot. Perhaps the man in the chair is a Tory, and the people who are angry at his election are Whigs. In our own days people do not often fight at elections, though they frequently get angry with one another, and call each other hard names. People have differences of opinion as to the best way in which a country should be governed, or a city, or a county. They cannot all agree as to whether the army should go to the wars, or more battle-ships be built, or more money should be given to the schools, or greater care should be taken of the poor. And so the people are divided, and vote for different men (or women) to speak their opinions at the Board of Guardians, or Council, or Parliament. Is it amusing that people should differ in these opinions? No, I think not. Is it useful? I think it is useful; people can state their different opinions, and try to find out which is the best. Ought we to feel angry with those who vote differently from ourselves? No. Or they with us? No. They should be ready to believe that we are honest in our votes; and we should believe the same of them. We should *respect* each other's opinions.

Lesson XXXIII

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION—(*concluded*)

Differences of opinion as to diet, hunting, and war. Differences of opinion as to religion. A view of the various religions of the world. We are all liable to error. Majorities and minorities.

ONCE I was talking to a number of children about eating and drinking, and one of the girls said: "Grace and Sam and I do not eat meat; our father and mother think it is not good to do so." There are people, you see, who believe it is wrong to kill any animal and eat its flesh for food. And some persons consider it is not right to drink any kind of spirit such as we find in beer or brandy, because the habit may lead to drunkenness. Some people think that hunting stags and foxes and hares is a right and healthy sport; and others think it is cruel and unmanly. You know, when the soldiers march by with flying colours and music and the tramp of horses, the

people rush to the doors and windows and cheer loudly to show their pleasure; but some men and women turn away sadly and say: "All this fine array of young men in gold and scarlet and blue, what is it for but to shed the blood of their brother-men?" And so, people sometimes differ in opinion about what is *right* or *wrong*. We must listen to each other quietly, and ask questions, and tell our thoughts, and agree as much as we can, and, when we cannot agree, we can behave good-humouredly towards each other.

And then again, think of the sabbath-day. Which is the sabbath-day? Sunday for the Christian people; Saturday for the Jews; Friday for the Arabs. Some regard one day as holy, and some another, according to their different *religions*; and some are of opinion that all days are holy so long as men and women act justly.

Now, suppose you and I could stand and watch the people of the world go by to their places of prayer, or their houses of worship; suppose we could see them all as if in pictures.

First the Jew passes by; he carries the book of the Old Testament; he loves to look up to the great teacher Moses; he is going to pray in the synagogue. We salute the Jew.

The Christian follows; he is reading the Bible, which has two parts, the New Testament as well as the Old; he gives honour to his master, Jesus Christ; he is on his way to a noble temple, such as St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Paul's Cathedral in London. We salute the Christian.

And who comes now? Here is the quaint figure of the Chinaman; with deep attention he fixes his eyes upon the strangely written letters of a holy book (he calls it a "King" or a "Shu"); he is on the road to yonder building among the trees; and there he will bow before the statue of his teacher Confucius. We salute the Chinaman.

Our fourth friend is a man of India, with dark (but not black) complexion and coal-black eyes, and on his head he wears a white turban; he whispers to himself the words from his sacred books, the Vedas, for he knows them by heart; and he wends his way to a quiet spot where he will worship his god Brahma. We salute the Hindu.

Next we observe a Buddhist of Ceylon or Japan; he wears a yellow robe; his lord Buddha has taught him to love all creatures; and he learns lessons from three books called the "Three Baskets." We salute the Buddhist.

A man in a dress all of white approaches us. We must think we are in the great city of Bombay in India; the man is a Parsee; he bears in his hand a book of hymns and commandments named the Zend-Avesta; and he often speaks of the great teacher Zoroaster (*Zo-ro-as'-ter*). We salute the Parsee.

I hear the tinkle of the bells on a camel's neck; across the desert an Arab is travelling; he halts and spreads a mat on the sand, and kneels on it and repeats a prayer which he learned from the holy Koran; and the Koran is the book written by his master, Mohammed. We salute the Mohammedan.

Come with me into this quiet museum. Here we may gaze at the wooden coffin of an Egyptian of olden times; and in it lies a mummy, all wrapped round with linen which is now soiled and brown; and upon the bandages of the mummy and all about the coffin are written texts from the holy scriptures which we call the Book of the Dead; and the texts speak of good deeds and a just life. We salute the Egyptian.

And perhaps there comes by a man

different from all these; he loves to read verses from all the wise books; he has no one master, but he learns lessons from many noble men and noble women who have lived in past times; and he does not look up to heaven to pray, but he looks at other men and women and asks them to act justly, and to be kind to all creatures, and to be bold for the truth and the right. I do not know what he may call himself, but we will salute him also.

Thus people have DIFFERENCES OF OPINION about religion. At home your mother or your father may tell you which of all these religions they like the best. But before you go home I will tell you this: that the people of different religions ought to respect each other, just as we have done when we saluted them all. But often and often men have hated men of other religions, and spoken angry, bitter words against them, and they have fought battles, and Christians have flung Jews into prison, and——

I am ashamed to talk of this. Let me relate to you a story which I have found in the poems of a German writer, Lessing.

A rich man who lived in an Eastern land had a most precious ring. The ring contained an opal stone, which sparkled with changing colours of blue, and milky-white, and red, and yellow. People said it was a "charm," and that whoever wore it was made so sweet in character that all men loved him. The rich man, therefore, gave it to his favourite son, and bade him, whenever he thought he was near his death, to present it in turn to *his* best-beloved son. In this way it passed from one generation to another, until it came into the possession of a certain man who had three sons. Each son was dear to his heart, and he wished to give the blessing of the ring to each. But how could this be done? The fond father was perplexed. At length he sent for a skilful goldsmith, a man cunning in jewel-work; and he ordered him to make two rings, exactly like that in which shone the splendid opal. The father smiled to see the three rings so perfectly alike. He lay upon his death-bed, and had his three sons sent into him one by one. To each he spoke words of love, and to each he whispered a blessing, and to each he gave a glittering ring which should work magic and make the son's heart noble.

So the father died, and was buried. Then one of the three sons took out his ring with joy and pride, and showed it to his brethren. They cried aloud in astonishment, and they, too, produced their rings, and each exclaimed, in heat and rage, that his jewel was the true one! In great excitement they appeared before a wise judge, and begged him to decide their quarrel, and say which of the three sons held the true ring, and which should, therefore, stand as head of the family and receive the chief honour.

The judge asked many questions, and examined the rings, and sat silent for awhile, and then he said:—

"I cannot tell which ring is the charmed one. But you can prove it yourselves."

"We?"

"Yes; for if it is true that the ring gives sweetness to the character of the man who wears it, then I and all other people in the city may know him by his good life. And so go your ways, and be kind, be truthful, be brave, be just in your dealings; and he who does these things will be the owner of the best opal."

Well, but must people really wear rings in order to act honestly? Certainly not. And will good men quarrel about the differences in their rings? And should good men quarrel about their differences in religion? And shall we not all love those men who do good each day, and who treat their neighbours rightly?

So, then, we must not speak evil of those people who have different opinions from ourselves. You would think it a great wrong if some of your playfellows said you should not play at baseball or

skipping-rope because they did not like it; or if men were to lock the doors of the meeting-house to which you and your parents went on Sunday, and said you were committing a sin. And so, if we do not like to be interfered with ourselves, we should not interfere with other people. A wise Chinese writer said: "Be strictly correct yourself; but do not cut and carve other people." Of course, while we may not cut and carve them, we may talk to them in a friendly manner, and try to persuade them into our way of thinking.

Then, again, we are all apt to fall into mistakes. Do you not often use a word in error? Do you not often find that another person knows more than you do, and can show you your faults? And do you not often count wrong numbers, and fancy you see things that never happened, and hear words that were never spoken? Even our eyes may tell us wrong. Some persons are colour-blind, and, when everyone else sees red cloth, they see grey. We are all liable to error.

And, last of all, look at this picture. Here you see a vast crowd of people who march together across the plain. On the hillside overlooking the plain stand two or three men in a lonely group. They are a small *minority*. They are laughed at by the mighty crowd below because they choose to go another road. Yet it may be that the *majority* is wrong and the minority is right; and some day the crowd will discover its mistake. We should *respect* the men and women who are not afraid to say or do a thing *differently* from the rest of the world. If we just walk with the big crowd because it is big, we are like slaves.

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Lesson XXXIV

PROOFS AND TESTS

Putting things and people to the test. It is our duty to prove the true and false, good and evil, in the world about us. Ghost stories; fear leads people to believe such tales.

This morning I have a fancy for doing sums, and perhaps you will kindly assist me. We will not puzzle our brains too deeply, however, and so we will work on the blackboard a simple exercise in multiplication :—

$$\begin{array}{r} 5{,}871 \times 2 \\ 2 \\ \hline 11{,}742 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

The answer (will you please read it ?) is Eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-two. Very well. Now, are you certain it is correct ? May we not have made a mistake ? How shall we make sure of our answer ? Suppose we PROVE it. Since we have doubled the number we began with (5,871), let us now halve the answer in order to bring the amount back to what it was before. That is to say, we will divide the answer by 2, thus :—

$$\begin{array}{r} 2)11{,}742 \\ \hline 5{,}871 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

We have put our work to the PROOF. We have tried it, or TESTED it, and made it sure.

Once, at the railway station, I took a ticket and received a florin in change. On reaching home, and looking at my money, I suspected something wrong. Was the florin a good coin ? I rang it upon the table. Instead of throwing out a strong, sharp, silvery clink, it sounded dull and leaden. The florin was bad ; it was not good metal. I had put it to the *proof*.

When the Great Exhibition of 1851 was held in Hyde Park, you know the Crystal Palace was built to receive the splendid show. It was expected that thousands and thousands of people would come to see the treasures that were exhibited. Galleries were built upstairs, and the builders wished to make sure that the wooden and iron floors were sound and solid, and fit to bear the tread of the multitude. So troops of soldiers were marched along these galleries, and their heavy tramp put the iron and timber to the *proof*, and the builders knew that all was well.

In a court of justice a judge sits on the bench, and the twelve jurymen are listening, and a witness steps into the "box," and tells how he saw a fire break out in a warehouse, and how he noticed a man leaving the burning building shortly afterwards, and how he had a suspicion that the man had set the place in a blaze on purpose. Has the witness spoken the truth ? The lawyers ask him many questions ; at what time did he pass the spot ? could he describe the man's face, his clothes, his walk ? for how long a time did he watch him ? which way did the man go ? was it not too dark to see distinctly ? and so on. The lawyers are trying to find out whether the witness is speaking truth or not. They are putting him to the *test* or *proof*.

An officer, employed by the rulers of a city, will often enter a shop where

food is sold, and inspect the meat to see if it is fresh, or he will *test* the milk, or *try* the quality of the butter, etc., in order to make sure that the meals of the people shall be pure and wholesome.

Animals, also, use *tests*. You will see the cat first lightly press its paw upon a board or other object which it wishes to walk over. The monkey carefully smells and handles and examines a fruit or cake before eating it.

So, then, you see that all things that live and move in the world have to be ever on the watch to *prove* what is true, what is false, what is good, what is evil. Not only should we do this in the case of our food, and clothes, and dwellings, and money, but also in the case of things that we see or hear happening about us day by day.

Some years ago Mr. William Young, who lived at Newton Nottage, in Glamorganshire, South Wales, was engaged in the work of surveying or measuring land. He often had to take long journeys over the Welsh hills and valleys, and return late at night. One dark night Mr. Young was riding on his pony across a desolate tract of mountain, when he heard a most alarming noise over his head, like the yelping of hounds. At once he thought of the stories which the country-folk often told of the Dogs of the Sky, who hunted among the clouds. He did not believe these stories; he had no fear of the cloudland dogs. Yet he was eager to learn the cause of the strange outcry. He halted his pony and listened and watched with great care. Presently he noticed the rushing of wings, and a large flight of birds called curlews passed by, some of them almost brushing his hat with their wings. The curlews settled among the heather, and, no sooner had they touched the ground, than the yelping ceased. Mr. Young smiled and rode on. He had put the wild stories of the country-folk to the proof, and now he knew that the mysterious noise was due, not to the Dogs of the Sky, but to the harmless curlews. You should open your Book of Birds, and look at a picture of this long-billed curlew, and laugh to think that it should have been taken for a ghost in the midnight sky.

A French gentleman named M. Delbœuf was walking in the country with a friend, when they caught the sound of hunting-dogs. They stopped and looked about. Neither dogs nor the swift-coursing deer could they see. A countryman approached, and they asked him which way the huntsmen and their dogs had gone. He paused a moment, gazed round, and then pointed to some toads in a puddle.

"That," he said, "is what you hear!"

Yes—toads! At a certain season of the year toads utter a shrill, piercing note, which resembles the yelping of dogs at a distance.

The two gentlemen were much amused. Had they been weak-minded persons, and had they not taken the trouble to ask questions, they might have believed that ghostly dogs had been galloping over the meadows in chase of a ghostly stag!

Professor William James, an American writer, was sitting in a room alone one night. He observed a curious rumbling noise, which at last seemed to fill the place, and tell of a threatening storm. The Professor glanced from the window; the sky was clear. He went out of the room and peeped here and peeped there. Much puzzled, he returned; and still the murmuring kept on. Ha! he knew now what it was. On the floor lay a little Scotch terrier asleep and snoring. The snoring had sounded like a far-off tempest!

Have you ever read about Haunted Houses, and the ghosts that glide up and down the staircases, and rattle the windows, and bang the doors! What foolish ghosts, to stay in these dusty old ruined mansions, when they might go out into the fresh air and enjoy themselves, as you and I do in the forest, or gathering buttercups in the meadows! But do you suppose ghosts are real? Why,

I believe some of you boys and girls could yourselves invent a ghost story. Could you not make me a tale of the ghost that haunted the barn? or the ghost who had his supper in the castle-tower at half-past eleven every night? Yes, you could create ghosts out of your own head. Shakespeare did that also. In his play of *Hamlet* you can read how the Prince walked upon the castle-terrace one night, and beheld the ghost, or spirit, of his father. The ghost told Hamlet that he had been murdered by his own brother, and Hamlet must avenge his death by slaying the wicked uncle, who now wore the crown of Denmark. And so Hamlet and the ghost talked together until the dawn began to break, and the spark of the glow-worm grew faint. But all this conversation between the ghost and Hamlet was just what Shakespeare chose to write. When Shakespeare was inventing his play, he sat with his pen, ink, and paper, and wrote lines for the ghost to say; and, having read them, he may have been displeased with them, and scratched them through with his pen, and made new lines instead. There is another very pretty play of Shakespeare's, called *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in this you will read of fanciful little creatures such as the comical Puck, who pulls the old gossip's stool away, and lets her fall; and the elves that creep into acorn-cups; and sweet Queen Titania, who sleeps among the violets and musk-roses; and all the rest. And they are all things of the imagination, things of fancy, things that cannot be proved real.

Suppose the people who believed in ghosts and bad spirits had always stopped still, like brave William Young on the Welsh mountain; and suppose they had always carefully watched what happened, and waited for the explanation. They would have found that the ghosts in the haunted castles or in the churchyards were no more real than little mischievous Puck. So, you see, it was *fear* that made ghosts.

Let me give you an instance that will make you smile. It is told by the poet Bloomfield.

In the village of Fakenham, in Suffolk, there lived an old dame with her husband and daughter. One evening she had been on a visit, and was hastening home through the woods and lanes. She felt very timid, though the cawing rooks never hurt her, nor did the gentle deer.

"Darker it grew, and darker *fears*
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short, quick step she hears
Come patting close behind."

Whatever could it be? she turned; it stopped; she could see nothing. She hurried on; the footsteps followed. She looked again, and saw a dark monster! Again she flew on towards the park. She reached the white-painted gate, and swung it so wide that "ghost and all passed through"!

"Loud fell the gate against the post,
Her heart-strings like to crack,
For much she *feared* the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

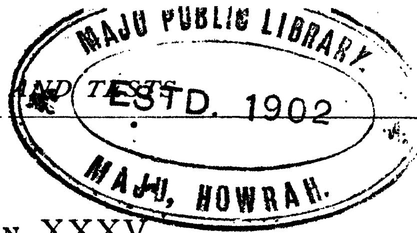
"Still on—pit-pat—the goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door."

Out came her husband and her daughter in surprise. And then, by the light of a candle which they had brought, they caught sight of a dear little donkey which had lost its way,

"And, simple as a playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark."

When the Fakenham people heard of the dame's adventure, they all made merry.

"For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too;
Each thought some other goblin tale
Perhaps was just as true."



LESSON XXXV

PROOFS AND TESTS—(*continued*)

Further examples of foolish beliefs caused by fear. Another cause is laziness. Better to work than trust in "luck." How to "tell fortunes" by observing persons' habits and characters.

SHOULD you think a man could make a cow ill by looking at it? That seems a very foolish idea. But suppose the man were bad-tempered and cruel; would he hurt the cow by a glance of his eyes? That also seems a foolish idea; yet people used to believe such things could be done. They believed some men had an Evil Eye. He who looked with an Evil Eye at a beast or a man the first thing in the morning would cause the beast or the man an injury, and a wasting illness, and at last death. Do you think that could really happen? No; but people felt afraid of a man who had a face or eyes very different from other people's; and if a person fell sick, or a cow or a sheep was ailing, they said it was owing to the glance of an Evil Eye. You see it was *fear* again which led people to think such mistaken thoughts. They did not stop to watch whether the Evil Eye killed all the people and animals it looked at. They did not put their thought to the proof. But you can easily prove that there is really one kind of Evil Eye. If a man or woman or another boy or girl regards you with eyes of anger or spite or dislike, that indeed may hurt your heart, and make you lie awake at night for sorrow. The eye that looks unkindly or cruelly—there is no other Evil Eye but that.

Do you know what occurs when there is an eclipse of the sun? A black mark appears on the edge of the sun, and, little by little, it creeps across the blazing surface, until the sun is quite hidden. The earth becomes dark. Birds think evening has come, and they fly up to the branches of trees to roost. Men's faces look pale and grey. Flowers close their petals. The sea wears a strange reddish colour. In olden times men regarded an eclipse with *fear* and trembling. They thought the gods were displeased. And, in some parts of Asia to-day, when an eclipse of the sun takes place, the people believe a terrible sky-dragon has swallowed the beautiful sun, and they beat drums, and bang on brass kettles, and blow horns to frighten the monster away; and, when the blackness passes away, they rejoice, and cry that the dragon has fled! But you can, of course, tell me what this blackness is? It is the great globe of the moon sailing between us and the sun, and gradually the moon rolls on and the sun shines clear. In just the same way you might walk between me and the window, and you would eclipse the light of the window. Through fear, people did not look for proofs. The reason of the eclipse of the sun was discovered by brave men who feared no dragon. They observed and pondered until they thought out all the movements of the moon, and saw that sometimes the moon would glide between the earth and the sun. So you see brave men find out the reason of things, and timid men think foolish thoughts.

Let me tell you about Pericles (*Per'-i-klees*), the ruler of Athens. He and his Greeks had put out to sea in 150 ships. They were only just starting, when there happened an eclipse of the sun. Great fear fell upon the Greeks. The pilot of Pericles' ship shook for fright. Pericles, however, was not afraid; for, indeed, an old astronomer had told him

how an eclipse was produced. So Pericles took off his cloak, and held it up so as to hide his face.

"Can you see me?" he asked the pilot.

"No, sir."

"Are you afraid because my face is hidden?"

"No, sir."

"Then why be afraid because something bigger than my cloak has hidden the sun?"

These words calmed the pilot's fears.

We have seen that *fear* keeps people from searching for proofs. There is another reason. Once I went into a house which had just been left empty. The people, however, had forgotten one article. It hung on a nail behind the door. It was curved loopwise; it was made of iron; it had several holes in it. Yes, you have guessed it; it was a horseshoe. Very likely it had only been placed there for fun. But, in days gone by, and perhaps in some places even now, people really fancied the horseshoe would bring them "luck," or good fortune. It would make their crops grow well, and keep their cheeks rosy with health, and add more money to their purse! Now, tell me what you think. What will make our crops grow, and our cheeks rosy with health, and our purse increase its money, and our home contain more comfort, and our minds more full of knowledge? You say it is our work, or labour; and I think so too. Then what kind of people are they who trust in a horseshoe instead of trusting in hard work? They are *lazy*. Perhaps the laziness is in their hands; perhaps it is in their minds. If they would use their minds more, they would see that an industrious man, without the horseshoe, gets on better than a lazy one with twenty horseshoes over his door. There are people even now who love to wear a coin bored through, or a stone with a hole in it; they carry it "for luck." Very well; would any of you care to try it, and put it to the proof? You, Mary, have a French verb to learn. Suppose, then, that you wear a "lucky" sixpence round your neck, and go playing lawn-tennis instead of conning French! I fear there would be a sad scene at school next day. Or you, Charlie, may hide a "lucky" stone in your pocket, and see if you can learn you Euclid by just winking at the book! Indeed, I have known boys and girls who did not believe in "lucky" stones, and yet somehow they thought lessons could be learned without taking any trouble. And, really, that seems quite as stupid.

Sometimes you hear people say that spilling the salt is unlucky. Careless persons will spill salt, milk, sugar, cocoa—anything; and certainly careless men and women are always getting into trouble. But is that the fault of the thing spilled, or of the persons who spill it? Careless people let their business fall into disorder, and then lazily say the mischief is in the salt. Or perhaps they do not believe salt can do the mischief. But is it not equally foolish if they wish to fix the fault upon a neighbour?

I have known people who would not dare to walk under a ladder which leaned against a wall. Some harm would follow, so they said! It is true that, if we walk anywhere without looking where we are going, some harm will happen; but that will be the case, ladder or no ladder. What do you say, Kathleen? If a painter were at work on the ladder, he might drop some of his paint upon your blue frock? Quite so; and then you would have an excellent reason for not passing under it; but it would be the paint, and not the ladder, that would endanger your frock. And Kathleen would not be one of the lazy people who will not think why they do this or why they should do that. Her mind would be active.

Would you like to be able to tell people's fortunes? Little gypsies that you are, you cry yes! The gypsy, with dark eyes and long, wild, black locks, looks into the lady's hand, and says he can read the time to come—she will marry a duke, and live in a grand mansion, and

ride in a coach drawn by cream-coloured horses! Or the star-gazer will pretend to tell from the stars whether good or evil awaits you. I have heard of a church in the island of Anglesea in which is a large oaken altar or chest, and in one side of it you may see a hole. They say that whoever can squeeze through the hole, and turn round, and then wriggle out again, will be sure of not dying for at least a year! I suppose the thin persons manage the best.

Can any man know for certain what will happen to him or to others in years to come? No. Can we observe a person's character, and think what kind of life he is likely to lead? Yes. Could we tell his fortune from his hand? No. Or the stars? No. From his temper, from his ways, from his habits, from his character? Well, we shall tell better from these things than by any other means. Come, you shall be fortune-tellers. I will fancy a boy standing here; we will call him Louis. Do you think he will lead a good or a bad life as he grows to manhood? Listen. He is clean in his body, in his work, in his talk; he is steady in attending, careful in replying; he has the courage to face a pelting storm when his duty requires him to go on an errand; he has the courage to turn into another road when his companions beckon him to mischief or rudeness; he looks us frankly in the face; he keeps his word like a gentleman; he plays his games fair and square; he is ready to knock down a bully, and equally ready to help an old lady up the steps, or care for a hungry cat; he plods at his business day by day, working as hard when by himself as if a hundred eyes watched him——

Yes, you answer, like I do, that Louis will do well. I think I can see him, twenty years from now, a man noble and upright, with a wife that loves him, and children that hold his hands. He may not be rich; he may not be thought highly of by vain people; but wise men will give him praise; they will call him an honest man.

And so our fortune does not depend upon the stars. We will not lazily think it all depends upon our father giving us a bag of money, or our uncle leaving us a house to live in. The stars, or the bag of money, or the house with twenty rooms—all these things do not prove a man good or bad. You prove the coin by ringing it. You do not prove a man by his rough jacket or his velvet cloak. You prove him by his character.

Lesson XXXVI

PROOFS AND TESTS—(*concluded*)

Through want of care in proving and testing many useful works have been hindered; the search for truth has been delayed; and people have acted cruelly. It is our duty to think and question in order to gain our livelihood, live in comfort, and act justly.

We have seen how people were *afraid* to search for proofs about ghosts, or the eclipse of the sun; and how they were too *lazy* to search for the reasons why some men had better fortune than others; and they trusted to "lucky" stones or to gypsies, or to rich uncles—instead of looking to themselves.

Many years ago two men were making a new machine for weaving cotton cloth. Their names were Arkwright and Kay. The machine was set up in the parlour of a grammar-school which stood in a quiet spot, and surrounded by garden and gooseberry-bushes. They wished to work without being interrupted. But things did not pass off so easily as they hoped. The noise of their machine—

the whirring, and clinking, and creaking, and squeaking—was heard by two old women who lived in a cottage near by. These women told the people of the village that something very wicked was going on in the grammar-school—the Evil Spirit played his bagpipes there, and Kay and Arkwright danced to the tune! And a crowd of villagers gathered about the house, and threatened to break the doors and windows, and the two engineers had much trouble to persuade them that no evil was being wrought. The old women and the villagers did not use their reason. A silly thought came into their heads, and they did not stop to prove it; and, in their foolishness, they might have damaged a useful machine. Indeed, many *useful works* have been hindered in this way.

You have heard of Columbus. His thoughts often wandered over the Western seas. If a ship sailed from the shores of sunny Spain, and kept its course towards the sunset, would it reach India? For no man in Europe then knew that, across the vast ocean, lay the plains and Rocky Mountains of America. Columbus, the sailor, spoke to many people, and even told the King of Spain his dreams of the new sea-way to India, and his reasons for thinking the world was round, and that vessels might voyage to the west, and keep on westwards until they reached the place they started from. One day, in 1486, many priests and professors, in robes of black and brown and grey, met together in a Council at the town of Salamanca. Columbus stood before them, and explained why he believed he could find land in the west. Sometimes, he said, strange bits of carved wood had been picked up on the shores of islands in the Eastern Atlantic, and these carvings had drifted from the west and must have been cut by the hands of men. Also, trunks of pine trees and masses of reeds had floated from the west, and showed that land existed in that direction. And once two dead men, with curious brown faces such as we do not see in Europe, had been borne by the waves to an island of the Old World. The priests and professors listened and shook their heads. They turned over the pages of the Bible and other books, to see if old writers mentioned that the world was round, or that land might be reached by sailing to the west. No; the books said no such thing. The learned men looked upon Columbus with scorn and gave him no help. But, in the year 1492, this brave man sailed with three ships over the Atlantic, and came to the fair isles which we call the West Indies. Thus he proved himself to be right. For years he had been hindered in his *search for truth* by people who were not careful to think and reason.

Let me now show you three pictures:—

1. A young woman stands against a wall. Her dark hair hangs loose over her forehead and shoulders. In her eyes there is a strange look. She seems like a hunted deer. Why is she frightened? You cannot see them in the picture, but men are coming to seize her, and carry her to the water and drown her. They say she is a witch. They say she has brought death among the cattle, and illness among the village folk, and so she must die. But all that they say is false. They have not stopped to reason calmly, and find the real cause of the trouble. Their foolishness of thought has made them *cruel*.

2. Two children, a girl and a boy, are walking through a forest, and they shrink in alarm as they catch sight of an old woman who carries a bundle of sticks. Her face is wrinkled; she talks to herself as she goes. "It is a witch," whisper the children. Perhaps they will go home and tell their parents, and perhaps the country-folk will hasten to the poor dame's house and ill-treat her. And so, you see, both young and old suffer because their neighbours believe tales of evil without waiting to prove them.

3. Here is a market-place, and a great crowd of people are gathered; and many

faces look out from the windows round about. And in the midst a pole or stake is set up, and a young girl is tied to it, and piles of wood are heaped about her, and a light is applied, and the fire and smoke rise. The poor girl is being burned to death. People call her a witch. She is a noble French maiden; her name is Joan of Arc. It was she who dressed herself in man's armour, and rode a white horse, and led the army against the English, and drove them from the castles and cities of central France. But she has been taken prisoner, and she must die; for they accuse her of being a friend of evil spirits. They cannot prove this; it is only a wild and unkind thought; and so Joan of Arc is slain; she is a martyr, for the sake of her dear native land.

And now you perceive how much harm is done when people do not keep their minds, their thoughts, their brains bright and ready, so as to watch things, and observe, and prove, and reason. Remember, then, why you go to your school to study. The teacher often says: "Think! think!" And why must you think? So that you may get knowledge, and be quick to understand the world, and how to gain your livelihood and comfort? Yes; but that is not all. You cannot even be kind in the right way unless you think. If you do not turn things over in your mind, and *ask questions*, and look for *proofs*, you will follow wrong teachers and take up fanciful ideas that will hinder useful work, and keep truth from coming to light, and even lead you to be unjust to your fellow-men and women. So, always, we must be ready to ask: Why is this? Is this really true? Am I sure this is right? Can I prove this? For it is brave to search for truth.

I will tell you of a brave woman.

In the Sandwich Islands there is a huge volcano, whence the fire leaps and the crimson lava rolls. The natives used to believe that amid the fire a goddess dwelt, whose name was Pee-le. They all trembled at the thought of Pee-le, and her power and anger. The priests said that, if ever a woman climbed the mountain, and picked berries from the bushes, and flung them into the fire-hollow or crater, Pee-le would

"Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils,
Or shake with her thunders and shatter her island,
Rolling her anger
Through blasted valley and flaming forest
In blood-red cataracts down to the sea."

The poem I am quoting was written by Lord Tennyson.

Now there was a princess called Kapiolani (*Kap-i-o-lah'-ni*), who ruled the people of the island. She had reflected, and pondered; she felt sure no such goddess lived in the volcano. She determined to put the story to the proof. She would pluck the sacred berries, and throw them into the fire, and let the people see that no harm happened. One day Kapiolani climbed the mountain. Many people warned her; the priests said wrathful words against her. She took no heed; calmly she passed on until she reached the peak. Then she and her companions clambered down over a bank of cinders 400 feet high to the vast lake of fire in the centre of the volcano. The lake was nine miles round. This was said to be the home of Pee-le. The brave lady had gathered a handful of berries. She hurled them into the midst of the flames, and cried:—

"I dare her!
Let Pee-le avenge herself!"

The people held their breath for fear. But no evil came upon them. No terrible goddess shattered the island. The people burst out into singing. They now felt free. Their terror had passed away for ever.

Lesson XXXVII

BEING, NOT SEEMING

Things are not always what they seem. Vain things may appear sound and honest, but they cannot stand tests. Pretence, however splendid, only leads to failure and shame.

What have I just laid upon the table?

"Two eggs," you reply.

They SEEM like two eggs. Please come here, Stephen, and take one in each hand. What do you notice? That one is heavy, and the other is light. From this one the yolk has been removed through two small holes pierced in the ends; it is empty; it is but a shell. The other is a true egg, and, as people used to say in olden times, it is "full of meat"—full of food. If a Roman had picked up the mere shell, he would have put it down again with a look of disgust, and said "*Vanus!*"—that is, "Empty." It is a *vain* thing, an empty thing, a thing that only pretends. It seems to cry to the hungry man, "I am an egg"; and its cry is false.

You see, then, that the vain and unreal thing may *seem* as honest and sound as the true.

It may even seem more beautiful.

At Christmas some children gazed with delight at a tree hung with toys, and candles, and nuts which were gilded and shining. Little Peter begged for golden nuts.

"They are not good nuts," said his mother; "they are only to make the tree look pretty. Let me give you brown hazel nuts from this plate.

"No, no," cried Peter; "gold ones, gold ones."

She gave him gilded nuts, and shared the brown ones among his brothers and sisters. Peter cracked his glittering nuts. Alas! they were only hollow shells.

"Ah," said the father, "a good many things are brilliant outside, and empty inside."

So the vain things seem honest and sound; they may seem more beautiful than the true things; but when we put them to the proof they yield us no good.

The window of a magnificent chamber was open to the sun and breeze. In the room were mirrors and pictures and marble tables; and close to the window stood two porcelain vases. These vases contained posies of flowers. The flowers in one vase were real, plucked from the king's garden, and sweet with many scents. The flowers in the other vase were waxen, unreal, artificial. Presently the sky darkened, and rain fell, and the drops beat in upon the vases. The real flowers drank in the water, and their blue and scarlet and yellow grew brighter. But the unreal flowers were in terror.

"O Jupiter," they cried to the God of Heaven, "save us from the rain!"

Jupiter gave no heed to their prayer. The shower kept descending until the true flowers were refreshed, and the false were smeared and cracked and spoiled. A servant entered the room just as the sunlight shone again. He looked at the artificial flowers, pulled them out of the vase, and carried them away to the rubbish-heap. They were afraid of being proved; and now they had received their sentence.

The fable I have just told you comes from a Russian writer named Krilov. Next we will hear one from Germany—from the great German writer, Lessing.

A man had a bow made of ebony-wood. It was black, plain, but useful; it shot arrows strongly and swiftly. Its

owner complained that it was ugly. went to an artist and said :—

"Make my bow handsome ; carve fine figures on it."

The artist gave it him back after some weeks. It was now covered with carving of men and horses and dogs hunting the stag over the mountains. The owner clapped his hands for pleasure.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I will shoot with my beautiful bow."

The carving had rendered the ebony thin and weak. As soon as the bow was bent, it snapped in the shooter's hand. After all, the plain bare wood was more beautiful than when carved ; for it bent in a strong, clear curve, and did its work, and shot the arrow, and then was ready to work again and again. The thing that looked splendid had failed. Splendour ....failure.

Here, again, is a splendid thing. Here is a stag. You see him in the picture. He stands by the pool of water near the forest. The water reflects his form as in a looking-glass. He admires his branching antlers. But he sighs with regret as he observes the thinness of his legs. He wishes he had thick and powerful legs to match the grandeur of his horns. Hark ! the roar of a lion is heard. The stag flies across the plain, and the lion follows in mighty leaps and bounds. The distance between them grows greater. Hope fills the heart of the deer. He plunges into the forest, and there his glorious antlers get caught in the leafy branches of the trees, and the enemy overtakes and slays and devours him. The thin legs ran well, and might have saved him. His splendid antlers brought him to sorrow and death. Splendour........sorrow and death.

A fox one day went into a shop where masks were sold for the use of actors. One of them showed a bright and noble face. The fox gazed at it with close attention. Then he turned it over. There was nothing at the back. It was empty.

"What a pity," said the fox, "that so handsome a face should have no brains behind it ! "

No brains ; no wise thoughts ; no ideas that will give light to the world ! There are so many people like this mask. They wear expensive clothes ; they live in great houses ; they have servants to wait on them ; but they have not wise thoughts behind it all ; they have not a tender heart. And it may be the case with poorer people also ; a man may have a proud, boastful way of talking, and make his neighbours believe he is worthy and useful ; and at the back of it all he may not have a good character. Such men are like the *vain* eggshell, the gilded nut, the artificial flower, the carved bow, the high-branching antlers of the stag. Their pretence only leads to failure ; to sorrow ; to ruin ; to shame.

To shame. I will tell you how pretence led to shame in the case of the rich harper. There was a rich man who dwelt at Tarentum, a Greek city. He heard that a public meeting was to be held at Delphos, and a crown—a crown of laurel leaves—would be placed on the head of the man who played the harp most sweetly, and sang most agreeably.

"Well," he said to himself, "a crown of laurel-leaves is a very poor reward for skill in music. I will go to Delphos, but not to win a paltry crown. I will go to Delphos to show my splendour and grandeur to the people. And I will go crowned."

Over his shoulders he threw a cape of cloth of gold. Upon his head he placed a wreath of golden leaves, spangled with stones of green emerald. His harp was loaded with large jewels. He rode in his chariot to Delphos, and the people admired. The crowds sat silent in the great open-air theatre. Upon a special bench reclined the judges—men trained in the art of music. An officer announced that those who intended to play before the judges should now step forward to perform.

All the Greeks turned their eyes towards the rich man of Tarentum. Some whispered about his cloth of gold. Others praised his crown. Others said

that charming music would issue from so excellent a harp.

His fingers smote the strings. He raised his voice in song—

"Kkkrrrah-ggrrggjkd-xbfghpqrrrzw"!!

It was the strangest song they had ever heard! It was a bellow, a croak, a roar, a grunt; no time, no tune. The people shouted with laughter. The judges rose from their seats, and drove the rich man of Tarentum out of the theatre. Back to Tarentum he crept in shame, with his golden crown all on one side of his head.

A young man stepped into the open space. It was Eupolis of Elis. Mean was his coat, and patched were his sandles; and his harp was but homely in make. Softly he struck his strings, and softly began the notes of his lay. Then his voice grew louder, and then again soft and low. It was like the song of birds, the sighing of the wind, the murmuring of water. It made the people forget the theatre, the judges, all but the song. The harp and the singer sounded a joyful strain, and all the people's souls were glad. The harp and the singer told of things sad and dark; and the people shed tears. And when the song was over they were silent, and they looked at the young man, and then they raised a mighty cheer, and Eupolis of Elis went home amid a troop of shouting folk, and his coat was mean, and his sandals were patched, and his harp was of plain wood; but on his head he wore the crown of laurel-leaves. He did not *seem*—he *was* a singer.

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

Lesson XXXVIII

BEING, NOT SEEMING—(*concluded*)

The foolishness which thinks more highly of great ancestors than of good character. Action better than fair words. "True worth is in being, not seeming."

"I wish people would look at me and admire me. I wish they would notice my walk, and my grand manner. I wish they would stand aside and make little bows as I pass by. I wish I could hear them whispering 'How very fine! how extremely nice!'"

This was what the jackdaw said to himself as he stood in a shady corner of the farmyard. He thought of the Peacocks in the great garden near by, and their proud blue and green necks, and the handsome fans which they made with their outspread tails. He made up his mind to get into the society of the Peacocks—Lord Peacock, Lady Peacock, Professor Peacock, Doctor Peacock, and the Hon. Miss Rainbow Peacock. You see, the jackdaw did not ask whether the Peacocks had a good character. Perhaps some of them were very selfish and worthless. All he thought of was their grand manners and rich appearance.

On the ground he spied some of their cast-off feathers. Eagerly he picked up these plumes, fixed them into his own tail (you must not ask me how he managed to do so, for, when I tell fables, I do not expect to be asked too many questions). Then he marched forth in his glory, and he strutted, and he stared, and smiled politely at Lord Peacock. Alas! the Peacocks were first surprised, then they laughed, then they ran at him, and plucked out his borrowed feathers, and pecked him with their bills, and drove him back to the yard. And there he was still unhappy. The other jackdaws would not speak to him. They

looked upon him as an empty-headed, vain person, who was not good enough to keep company with respectable jack-daws. Even if he could really have become a Peacock, and married the Hon. Miss Rainbow Peacock, he would not have shown himself a better bird. An honest jackdaw is quite as good as an honest Peacock, and ever so much better than a dishonest Peacock.

You know, Lord Peacock and other such people often think they are worth much in the world because they had noble and worthy grandfathers—forefathers—ancestors. But the question is, Is Lord Peacock himself a good man?

Let me tell you of the geese who were being driven to market by a peasant. The peasant held a rod in his hand to keep the geese in order. One of the geese cackled to a man who was passing by, and complained of their ill-treatment.

"It is disgraceful. This peasant does not know that we are the children, the descendants of the noble geese who saved Rome."

"Indeed, how did they do that?"

"Some geese were kept on the top of a hill, and the Romans were on guard against enemies. One night the guards were asleep, and the enemies were climbing the rocks, and would soon have captured the hill and the City, when the geese heard their movements, and hissed loudly, and the noise awoke the Romans, and the enemies were beaten off, and Rome was saved, and the geese were loved and honoured."

"Good; but why should you be treated with special respect?"

"Our ancestors saved Rome, sir."

"Yes, but what have you done yourselves?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Then what do you deserve? Your ancestors had their reward; the Romans loved and honoured them. But that makes you no better. You are only fit to be roasted."

Instead of birds let us talk of men and women. There is in the Bible a story which tells of a man who had as fine an appearance as the gilded nuts which I told you about. A certain man had two sons. He was owner of a vineyard, where the clusters of grapes were hanging ripe and purple. It was the time of grape-gathering, or vintage. Quickly must the rich fruit be plucked. So the man said to his elder son:—

"My dear boy, will you kindly go and work to-day in my vineyard?"

"Vineyard? certainly not! I have something else to do. I think of joining my comrades at a picnic. Work in your vineyard? I will not."

The father turned sadly away, with tears in his eyes, and the son could not forget the pained look on his parent's face. His conscience told him to go; and he went; and, before sunset, he had picked an immense pile of the fruit.

The father went to the second son and said:—

"My dear son, will you be good enough to go and work to-day in my vineyard?"

"Yes, my dear father. It gives me the greatest pleasure to serve you. I go, sir."

Ah, the pretender! He never went.

Which was the better son? The first. Was it right of him to refuse to go? No; but, after he had refused, it was right of him to repent, and think of his fault, and do his utmost to show his love by his labour. Those pleasant-speaking people, those sweet children who promise so readily to do what is asked, often play us false. The surly boy or girl sometimes has a really good character, though we all wish they could be good without being surly. These surly looks are like ugly and ragged clothes.

Speaking of poor clothes makes me think of a story in one of Lord Tennyson's poems, which I will tell you partly in my own words.

A girl with a beautiful face wore shabby garments. She had occasion to visit the palace, to make some request of the king. She went with her arms folded

across her breast. Her feet were bare. Great ladies walked past her with their velvet trains sweeping on the ground. If they saw her they despised her, for she was but a beggar-maid.

The king's name was Cophetua (*Ko-fet'-u-a*). When he saw her he delighted in her sweet looks. It was no matter to him that her dress was dull and cheap. There was the expression in her face that can make any of you girls lovely to behold—the expression that says: "I wish no one harm; I wish for what is frank and clear and clean." The king loved her, and he stepped from his throne and held out his hands.

"He is right," said the noblemen, for they also could see what he saw:—

"In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
.t is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'"

S made them think of the moon. S times you see the silver globe of tne moon shine out from among grey, dim clouds; and so this maid seemed to shine.

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen."

Now, many of the people in that court would have expected the king to choose a rich princess for his wife. This king had other ideas. He thought the kind heart was the queenly heart:—

"Copetua swore a royal oath,
'This beggar maid shall be my queen.'"

You girls that read my story are not beggar maids. No, and neither do I believe you will ever be queens. Yes, and, after all, I think you *may* be queens. The woman who does her daily duty, and speaks cheerful words, and wins evil people to a happier life, is a queen—a queen in silk or a queen in simple serge; a queen with dimpled, rosy cheeks, or a queen with plain features and the beautiful gleam of kindness in her eyes.

And so you must do with people as you do with fruit. Some crimson plums have a bitter taste; you prove them by tasting them. You do not take them for what they seem, but for what they are. You prove the egg by its inside character. You will not choose the nut just because it is gilded. You will smell the flower to find if it is waxen or real. You will not try to shoot with the ebony bow that is handsome, but weak. You will not judge a stag's swiftness by its antlers. You will not feel sure that a harper in splendid robes is a good musician. You will not admire the jackdaw in the feathers of Professor Peacock. You will not respect the goose who has done nothing himself, and talks only of his forefathers. You will not think a well-spoken son is always truly obedient. You will know that a poor and honest maid is as worthy as a queen. And you will remember that true worth is in doing things, not pretending; in working our useful little work, not dreaming grand dreams on our pillow:—

"True worth is in BEING, NOT SEEMING,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-bye."

THE REWARD

Wages for work. There are many ways in which we may serve society, and it should be a joy to us to do the service without wages. The story of a young Greek's services to his country, and of the reward which he received.

WHEN you boys and girls are men and women, and take up your daily work, you will go to the master at the end of the week or month, and expect wages. As your skill becomes greater you will look for more wages, and that is quite fair. Also, if you are yourselves employers, you will pay wages to your workmen. You will pay just wages, will you not? And what will the just wages be per week? Twenty shillings; thirty shillings; forty shillings; fifty shillings; sixty shillings? I cannot tell; it will depend upon the work done. Only it will be your duty to watch your men, and see if they live comfortably; and if they appear unhappy, you must say to yourself: "Is it their fault, or is it mine? And, if it is my fault, I must treat them better."

But if an old dame met you in the street, and asked you to show her the way, and you walked with her to help and direct her, would you then expect payment? Surely not; it would be mean to ask for money in such a case. We want no wages for a kind act except the saying of "Thank you." There are also many ways in which we may serve SOCIETY (that means, the men and women and children among whom we dwell), and it should be a joy to us to do the service without wages, or even medals or certificates.

Up the rocky path the young man ran, clambering over boulders, leaping little ditches. When he reached the top, he did not stop to look abroad at the distant hills and the smooth lakes that lay below. Swiftly he descended to the valley. Through dark gorges he passed, where rivers ran in shadowy places and over slippery stones. Then on through the forest, and across bare moors. Now and then he rested a brief while to eat his dry bread, or give ease to his tired feet. One day, two days; one night, two nights, did Pheidippides (*Fy-dip'-pi-dees*) hasten across the mountains that stood between Athens and Sparta. On the sea near Athens he had seen a fleet of Persian ships. The Persians had come in their scores of thousands, capturing Greek islands on their way. And now they had landed a great force of men, who waited on the plain of Marathon, twenty-two miles from the city of Athens. The magistrates of Athens had said: "We must have the help of the stout men of Sparta. We will send the swift-footed Pheidippides with a message, and they will come and march at our side against these foes from Asia."

All dusty, thirsty, hungry, and foot-sore, Pheidippides reached Sparta. When the rulers of the city were gathered together, the youth said: "O men of Sparta, the Persians have come. They wish to make slaves of the Athenians, and the flower of our dear country will wither and die. But no; you Spartans will not stand by stupid and sullen, while Athens dies? Answer me quick. What help will you send? My legs are still strong enough to race back—oh, I will race like lightning—and take the tidings of your coming to Athens!"

The people of Sparta looked at Pheidippides, and at each other. Some were silent; some murmured; some smiled.

They began arguing, discussing; while the youth stood waiting—quivering like fire that wants to burn up dry wood. Then one of the chief men said:—

"Young man, we must not be hasty and foolhardy. We must take time to think. Besides, you know we never go to war when the moon is only at the half. When the moon has become a full circle in the evening sky, it will be soon enough to decide. Till then—it will only be three or four days—we cannot give an answer."

What excuses! what pretences! No; Sparta did not care to assist the Athenians in their distress. Pheidippides was ready to fall to the earth for shame and despair. But he must let Athens know! He did not stop to say an angry word to the Spartans. He rushed again over hillocks and plains, threading the way through woods, fording the streams, panting, sweating, grieving.

"Ah!" he said, as he struggled on the rough road, "no longer ought any of the Greeks to wear crowns of oak-leaves, olive-leaves, or bay leaves. Slaves may not wear crowns. I cannot bear to look at false men like the Spartans, or at slaves such as we Athenians shall be. I would sooner look at this wild, shaggy mountain of Parnes"——

What is that? What is that in the cleft of the rock? What is that strange figure that sits there among the drooping ivy and the mossy stones? Is it a goat, or is it a man, or is it half-man, half-goat? Is it the god Pan? Yes; it is the god Pan (*but remember, children, this is only a fable*). Pan has goat's horns shooting up from his forehead. His curly beard hangs thick over his neck. Sparkling and kind are his eyes. He has the shoulders and trunk of a man, but the legs and hoofs of a goat.

"Halt! Pheidippides," cried the god Pan.

The Athenian youth trembled, and his brain was in a whirl.

"Come near to me," said the god Pan, beckoning with his hairy hand. "You have no need to turn pale in my presence. I am friendly to you and to Athens. It is true Athens has often forgotten me. But go to Athens. Tell her to take heart, and laugh Persia to scorn, and fight for her temples and the tombs of her dead fathers. Pan will help; Pan will strike at the Persians. And, when the Persians are cast into the sea, let Athens remember the goat-god. Is there not a hill at Athens—the Akropolis—and a deep cave in the north side of it? When the Greeks have gained their victory let them make the cave into a temple for me. And this, Pheidippides"——

Pan held out a little branch of fennel plant. There were dewdrops on its leaves. The youth took it in silence.

"This is the sign of victory—this fennel plant. And as for you, Pheidippides, you shall have your REWARD; not money, not treasure, no common gift"——

Pan vanished from sight. Pheidippides flew as if he were not treading on the ground; he flew as if he were an eagle piercing the high air.

The magistrates of Athens wore golden grasshoppers in their hair. They received the youth with joy, as he bowed before them and gave his two messages—the sad message from Sparta, the glad message of the bunch of fennel from the god Pan.

"Well, brave runner," said Miltiades (*Mil-tý-a-dees*), the general, "and what did Pan mean when he promised you a reward that should not be a common thing, not even gold?"

Pheidippides blushed.

"Perhaps," he replied, "Pan knew I loved a maid of Athens, and that, after I had helped to pound Persia to dust, and sweep her away for ever, I might marry this maid, and have a little house in the city, and, when my children creep close to my knees, tell them how the awful, yet kind, god Pan gave me the happy message at the hill of Parnes."

On the plain of Marathon (it was the year 490 B.C.) the vast crowds of the Persians were drawn up. The Greeks came

down from the hills, and met their enemies. "Marathon" means the field of fennel, for fennel grew there; and Pan had said the fennel was the sign of victory. So the battle was joined amid shouting and the dreadful clash of arms, and the neighing of the chargers as they galloped at the prick of the spurs. When the sun set that day, the Persian force was broken, and the invaders fled to their ships in terror.

After the Athenians had won the fennel-field, they all cried:—

"Run, Pheidippides! Run to the Akropolis, where the people wait for tidings. Run and tell them of our triumph."

Pheidippides flung down his shield, and he ran, ran, ran, like a steed, like a deer-hound; a mile, ten miles, twenty, twenty-two—into the City of temples and statues, up the sacred hill. And the citizens made way for him until he stood in the centre; and the men, women, and children gazed at him eagerly; and among the women he could see the maid he had spoken of to Miltiades.

Then he cried aloud:—

"Rejoice, we conquer!"

Oh, how the Athenians shouted:—

"Athens is saved!"

And then, full of joy and peace, Pheidippides sank to the ground, and, when the people raised him, they saw that he was dead.

He had felt grief when it seemed that Persia would enslave the Greeks. He had felt shame when the selfish Spartans refused their aid. His REWARD was to have the honour of giving his service to his fatherland, and telling his fellow-citizens the glorious news.*

[1] This story is taken from Browning's idyll of *Pheidippides*.

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